TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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Around Town.

The Board of Trade banquet on Friday night was such a grandly successful affair that word of it and the words which were said at it will go forth throughout Canada as the expression of the most solid and business-like opinion that this country can produce. Every Torontonian is proud to have his city thus advertised; every member of the Board of Trade is glad to belong to a body which has shown so much public spirit and executive energy. Beyond this there is a point to which the press has unanimously called attention—the loyalty of every speaker. This loyalty was not exuberant or fulsome as it sometimes becomes in the mouths of those who are using it as a reason why they should receive office, or parading it to conceal base motives or the absence of all other virtues. It was just such an expression as was needed at the present hour, but we must not forget that these deliverances, though gratifying, are not sufficient to satisfy the political appetite or direct the political thought of the New Year. We may all agree on the greatness of our country, on our unalterable affection for our Queen—Sir John and Mowat do this though differing otherwise—without admitting that our constitution, praiseworthy as it may be, is sufficient for the changing circumstances of Canada and the growing necessities of our people. Many difficulties and dangers have arisen since Confederation, many more will continue to arise, and the purpose of this paragraph is simply to point out that we should not be satisfied with the proud glow which this love feast gives but should seek to do something to add to our greatness, for in so doing we will individually become better, as well as collectively contribute to the increase of the glory of the empire of which we form a part.

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The Imperial Federationists alone, looking towards the unity of the empire make somewhat vague suggestions, yet they are impressed, and Canadians must share the impression, that in this direction lies the brightness of our future. But everything is so indefinite that they are stumbling along in the dark. Those who are advocating independence are doing it as if are they afraid of being detected in the act, and found unable to formulate their scheme. Then the Annexationists—there are some in Canada, though they are neither numerous nor influential—believe in looking towards Washington. How is it that we have no meetings where in a friendly spirit these things can be discussed? It is well for us to have a Board of Trade love feast once a year; it would also be well if on our national birthday the wise men and orators of the Dominion were to gather together and discuss what is best for us, guided by the rule that mere party politics shall be forbidden and only the national questions of the future dealt with. On that day the young men, impelled by the hopefulness, boldness and fervor of youth could speak of the aspirations which every patriotic young man must feel; in the evening a review of these utterances by the sages would bring us face to face with the difficulties of the problems of to-morrow, and we would have not only the hope and the question but the experience and the answer.

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Remembering the success of the banquet it is to be regretted that public speaking is so little in vogue; that our people are so seldom appealed to by word of mouth on great issues. With the growth of the circulation and influence of the newspaper, oratory is losing the high place it once held and orators are consequently becoming less numerous, less eloquent from lack of practice, and less confident of their ability to move the people and shape the destinies of the country. As I have urged before, a distinctively Canadian society which could organize such meetings as are here suggested, and promote such discussion as is needed, would foster the spirit which produces patriots and statesmen.

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"The Dominion above all," Lord Stanley's paraphrase of the old motto "Canada First," shows with what warmth the honest and sturdy gentleman who has been sent to us as our chief executive has entered into the spirit of this new country. And if the many opposing creeds and nationalities of which our people are composed, would accept the spirit of the motto much internal strife would be prevented and a brighter hope for a national future would result. Just here occurs the force of the argument previously advanced, that loyalty to the mother country, while necessary, is not sufficient; we must have patriotism—that love of a country common to us all—to bind us together. Insomuch as being of different origins, loyalty to the mother lands causes us to look in conflicting directions, and old quarrels and old prejudices, as well as present feuds, divide and keep us asunder.

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The Hon. Mr. Foster touched a responsive chord when he declared "that no Canadian subject holding a bill from any authorized bank in Canada from Nova Scotia to British Columbia should be charged a discount upon that bill in any part of the Dominion." It has always been held in every country that a common coin has great effect in binding a people together. That the bank notes of this province should be at a discount in Nova Scotia or British Columbia produces irritation; and that we are forced to accept the bills from a distant province sometimes excites fear. This should not be. The Dominion government should issue all the currency, and theirs should be the profit if a bill is destroyed, and the credit of the nation should ensure that the bill will certainly be paid, and I hope this is what the Finance Minister meant. The American greenback can be discounted in London or Paris even at any of the chief hotels, while, if a Canadian bill is offered, they would look at you and ask what it was for and where it was from. Canadian money should be good wherever a Bank of England note is recognized. Its recognition should be a part of our patriotism—a portion of our national advertising.

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By the way, Prof. Goldwin Smith has recently been writing on this subject and takes the opposite view. He says: "It is the business of the govenment to stamp the coin, and thus to assure us that the pieces are up to the proper weight and fineness; but with the issue of bank bills, government has nothing to do, any more than it has with discounting, or with any branch of the money trade, or indeed, any trade whatever." To uphold this view he alleges "that the standard of commercial morality is unquestionably higher than the standard of political morality, that "political morality, in fact, is almost a jest, and in transferring the control of paper money from the bankers to the politicians we shall be transferring it from the higher morality to the lower." Again, he says: "The hands in which the circulation now is are skilled hands, the hands of men chosen for their financial capacity and experience, but men are often pitchforked into the office of Minister of Finance as well as into other Cabinet offices by the mere convenience of the party." In this connection the learned professor suggests that "the present finance minister is a very good speaker and useful to his party through his influence over the prohibition vote but nobody imagines that he has the appointment through special fitness." Further: "Thus in laying its hands on the currency the government would touch the very life of commerce, and with new temptations arising from deficit and difficulty would have to be closely watched by the commercial world." All this is quite true, but our recent experience with the Central Bank and recollection of other bank failures indicate that under the pressure of "deficit and difficulty" the banks need watching which they don't get, because it is nobody's special business to watch them, and then the directors as a rule are but the creatures of the manager. While governments are often guilty of corrupt jobs money is not stolen in sacks out of the public vaults, nor deposit receipts given to sharking brokers for discount. Moreover, if it is the business of the government to stamp the coin, why is it not the business of the government to stamp the bills? Prof. Smith asserts that the government stamps the coins to assure us "that they are up to the proper weight and fineness," and I think this country should insist that the government stamp the bills to assure us that they will be paid. If the government is as corrupt as Prof. Smith would have us think, how is that we can trust them to put twenty-five cents worth of silver into a quarter of a dollar. Why, to supply deficits, do not governments issue base coin? True, the United States Government does so. The intrinsic value of the Yankee nickel is very much below five cents, and yet we have never heard, even in wicked Washington, of barrels of nickels being turned out as a corruption fund, or carloads of lead dollars sent to influence the election in Indiana. There is just as much reason for suspecting the government of a likelihood of issuing bad coin as bad bills. If the government stamp were on the bad coin it would pass current as long as the government recognized it; the government stamp on paper would be exactly the same. Though the standard of commercial morality may unquestionably be higher than that of political morality, this is not saying much, for the exigencies of commercial life are much more numerous, the temptations more pressing, the tide more irresistible in the counting room of the bank than in the treasury of the Dominion. Canada's credit is high enough to make a government issue of bills pass current all over the Dominion and this is more than can be said of the credit of any bank.

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The by-law for the establishment of the Dipsomania Asylum was buried deep—nearly four thousand people having voted against, while only two thousand and eighteen were in favor of it. It is just as well; innocent children and respectable folk are suffering in Toronto for lack of a proper sewage system, large public works and necessary improvements are delayed for lack of money, and one can hardly see a reason for voting thirty thousand dollars to restrain the appetite of people who in forty-nine cases out of fifty would rather drink and be ragged than stay sober and be well-fed. Ontario stands proudly at the head of the provinces and states of America in providing for the unfortunate: for deaf and dumb institutions, homes and schools for the blind, asylums for the insane and idiotic, reformatories for women and boys. But intemperance is a folly, often a crime up to a certain point, when it may become a disease, but as this disease is nearly always the result of the crime it is no very great hardship for the inebriate to be herded with criminals. The young man who is following whisky drinking as an amusement, may just as well look the facts in the face and understand that when King Barleycorn gets the upper hold, he will have to go to jail. A man doesn't become so great a drinker that he needs the restraint of a dipsomania hospital asylum until his self-respect is so deadened that a sojourn in jail won't hurt him.

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One reason that the present Emperor of Germany is so much opposed to the English is found in the Anglicizing of German youth. In England, Ireland and Scotland vast numbers of German youths can be found who are spending a few years away from their native land, in order to acquire a good knowledge of English. In workshops, factories, offices and mercantile places throughout the British Isles you can generally find young Germans who are working for little or nothing and learning the language. More than half the waiters in nearly all the large hotels are Germans. At Killarney and the Trossachs, at Brighton and the vast hotels in London the German waiter, intelligent, alert, painstaking, is a feature astonishing to the American traveler. These young men go back to Germany after a few years, taking the best secrets of English business men and manufacturers and a thorough knowledge of the language. It is claimed by Englishmen that German manufacturers to-day, and their fierce competition with English goods, are the result of this plan of campaign. But the German lad when he returns home is much less German than before, and we must not be astonished then if this Anglicising process is irritating to the Emperor whose mother took every possible pains to make the English language and Englishmen prominent in Germany.

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While this is going on, as regards Germany, the English are none too well-pleased at seeing the German relatives of Her Majesty placed in high positions. The Battenburgs are getting altogether too many offices to suit Englishmen, and every week in the more democratic press most caustic complaints are made. The appointment of Prince Henry of Battenburg to the governorship of the Isle of Wight will be cause of fresh offence. Nothwithstanding all these things the English and German people are every day approaching one another both in culture and method, while the English language is asserting itself and the German tongue is losing favor.

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The last boodler who cast in his lot with the American colony in Canada is a Mr. Crobaugh. His first name is said to be "Jimmy." There could be no more appropriate name for a burglar than Jimmy Crobaugh.

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The New York *World* and Toronto *Globe*, papers which are not generally esteemed to be in the confidence of the Government, announce a dissolution of Parliament in mediately after next session. The correspondents of these journals are doubtless calculating the chances, rather than stating facts, and when the political writer gets at a task of that sort, it is not difficult for him to work himself into a state of absolute belief in what he writes. There is no doubt that Sir John, recognizing the fact that he is an old man, would be glad to have the power of himself and his party renewed as soon as possible for another five years. Should he become ill, or leave this life, which for him has been so full of honors, it will be easier for his party to sustain themselves in the House than before the country. In Dominion affairs the Grit party is in a most dilapidated condition, and at the present juncture could offer but little resistance. With their usual bad luck, coupled perhaps with their extraordinary bad judgment, they seized upon unrestricted reciprocity at the time when the Presidential election and the policy of the American Congress was hostile to Canada, and Yankee utterances had caused in this country bitter resentment. Under these circumstances Sir John would not be the good tactician he is if he did not decide to have the battle fought while his enemy's power is wet.

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The members of the Indianapolis Ministerial Association have formed a sort of a preaching and praying trust, and demand five dollars for every prayer they offer up in the State Legislature. Their schedule of rates for prayers at funerals, by sick beds, etc., is not published. Probably they have adapted the Chinaman's motto, "No prayee, no washee."

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Another unseemly affair arises from a difficulty caused by the Stationing Committee of Niagara Conference having sent to Simcoe a minister in spite of the protests of the people. Trustees are threatened by a prominent legal firm in this city with an injunction restraining them from allowing the people to pray or engage in any act of religious service in either schoolroom or church. Taking this in connection with the troubles of the Western Methodist Church, it looks very much as if the lords of the Conference are becoming a little too masterful and that Methodism is likely to suffer thereby. The vast good accomplished by the Methodists of Great Britain and America by infusing life and warmth into the old religious bodies can never be forgotten. As long as the world lasts it will be a part of history. The saddening thought comes, however, that all religious bodies when they get strong, and rich, and popular, are apt to depart from the simplicity of their early and aggressive days and adopt methods which are certain to deaden popular effort and reduce the spirituality of the congregations. It is to be hoped it will be many years before the bishops of Methodism will assume the arbitrary airs of Anglicans, for while the Church of England is based on that idea of government the Methodist Church is not and Methodists will not tolerate it.

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The Rev. Mr. Jeffery, large-hearted and eccentric, is the type of man who can do a vast deal for religion. He is also the type of man who is so frequently driven out of church work by the over-criticism of pharisaical zealots and jealous colleagues. In the church as well as out of it the original man has a difficult task. While establishing himself he must expect the ill-natured criticism of ignorance and the still more stinging reproofs of colleagues who without originality themselves cannot endure to see another gaining fame and influence while they are becoming moss-grown and unpopular. Yet without originality the preacher cannot hope to gain eminence and influence with the masses. Even without achieving eminence the man who has retained his natural manner, is earnest and large-hearted, will make himself a power amongst the people. The sinking of a man's individuality by assuming the pulpit tone and priestly manner is the greatest misfortune which could happen, and yet it is one which happens to the majority of clergymen.

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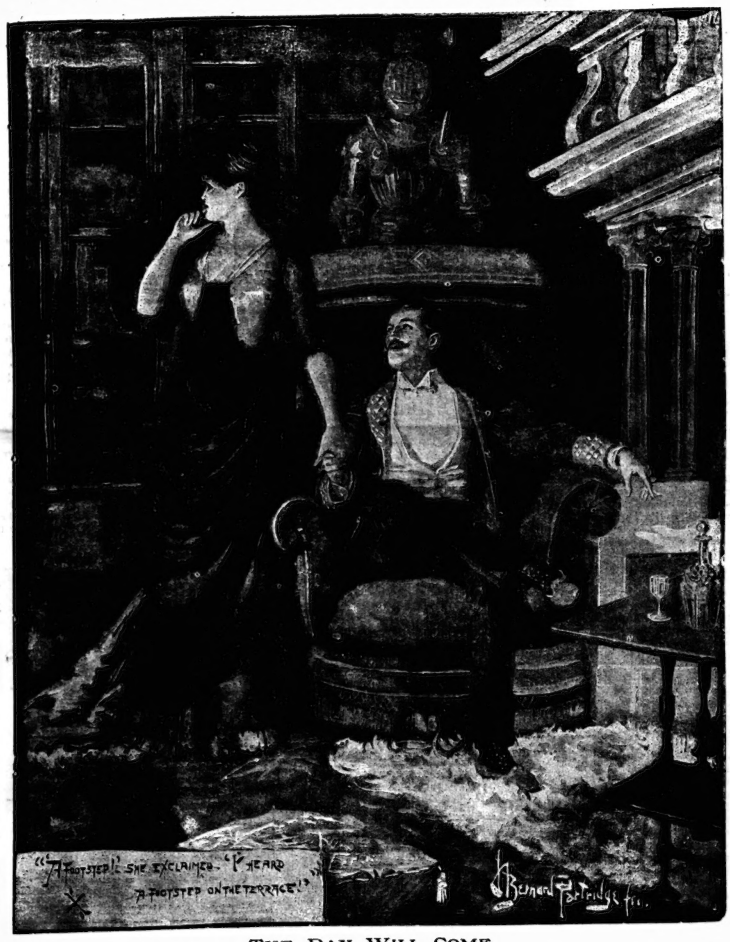
Brother Jeffery has reason to feel that in the

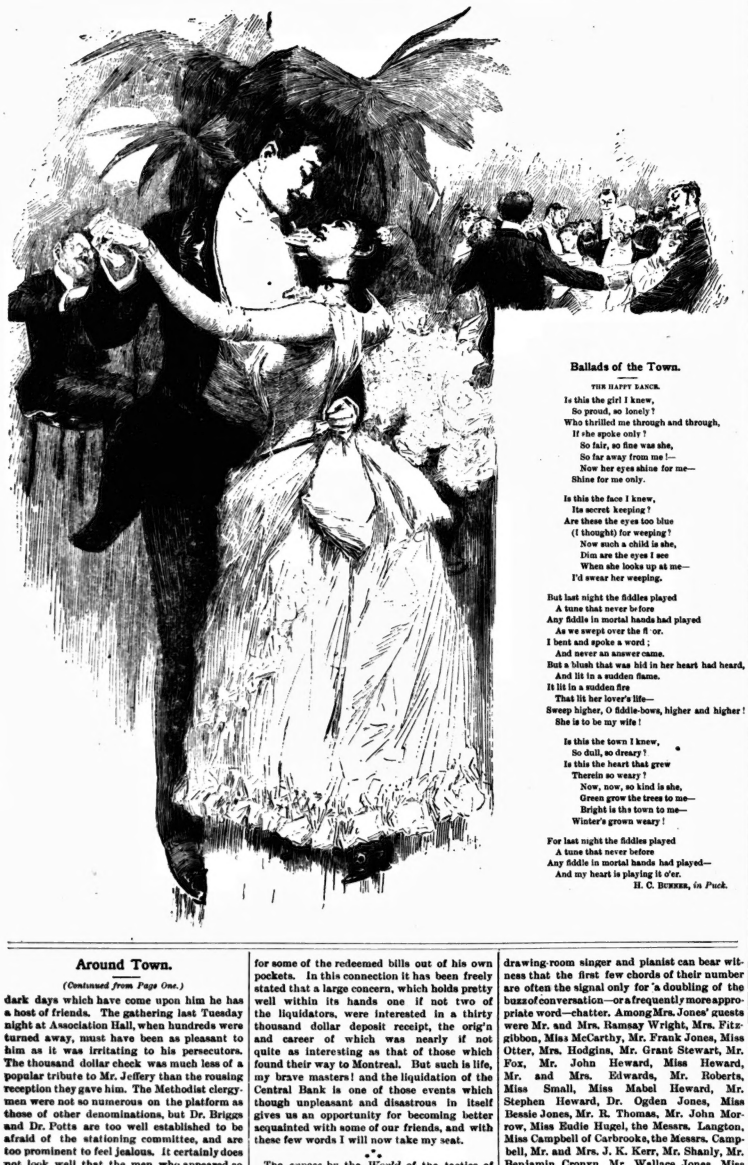
(Continued on Page Two.)



THE DAY WILL COME.

Miss Braddon's New Story.

See page 4.



Ballads of the Town.

THE HAPPY DANCE.

Is this the girl I knew,
So proud, so lonely?
Who thrilled me through and through,
If she spoke only?
So fair, so fine was she,
So far away from me!—
Now her eyes shine for me—
Shine for me only.

Is this the face I knew,
Its secret keeping?
Are these the eyes too blue
(I thought) for weeping?
Now such a child is she,
Dim are the eyes I see
When she looks up at me—
I'd swear her weeping.

But last night the fiddles played
A tune that never before
Any fiddle in mortal hands had played
As we swept over the floor.
I bent and spoke a word;
And never an answer came.
But a blush that was hid in her heart had heard,
And lit in a sudden flame.
It lit in a sudden fire
That lit her lover's life—
Sweep higher, O fiddle-bows, higher and higher!
She is to be my wife!

Is this the town I knew,
So dull, so dreary?
Is this the heart that grew
Therein so weary?
Now, now, so kind is she,
Green grow the trees to me—
Bright is the town to me—
Winter's grown weary!

For last night the fiddles played
A tune that never before
Any fiddle in mortal hands had played—
And my heart is playing it o'er.

H. C. BUNNER, *in Puck.*

Around Town.

(Continued from Page One.)

dark days which have come upon him he has a host of friends. The gathering last Tuesday night at Association Hall, when hundreds were turned away, must have been as pleasant to him as it was irritating to his persecutors. The thousand dollar check was much less of a popular tribute to Mr. Jeffery than the rousing reception they gave him. The Methodist clergymen were not so numerous on the platform as those of other denominations, but Dr. Briggs and Dr. Potts are too well established to be afraid of the stationing committee, and are too prominent to feel jealous. It certainly does not look well that the men who appeared so anxious to condone the Rev. Mr. Longley's proven fault appear determined to inflict the utmost penalty of the law on Mr. Jeffery for offences which did not scandalize the church or indicate that he at heart was not a Christian man and a devout servant of his Master. But in this as in all other matters the people are quick to recognize worth and to rebuke those who are more anxious to persecute than to protect.

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The Hon. Messieurs the liquidators are in great luck to get seventeen thousand dollars for their work up to October the 13th. Having failed to make the big grab they seem to have fallen back on the expedient of getting as much as possible on the instalment plan. Their bill for fifty-six thousand odd included collections from Jan. 26th to Nov. 30th, while the latter amount is only from Jan. 26th to Oct. 13th, leaving them a chance for another big pull at the swag later on. By the time they get through with it they may not get the full amount of their original demand, but they will have seized upon a good deal more than half of it. Their first allowance is at the rate of eight thousand dollars a year each, which isn't bad pay, and they have reason to give thanks that Providence placed a "busted" bank within their reach, but they must understand that they won't strike liquidatorships or trust offices again in a hurry, if the people of this city and province know themselves. It is useless for them to attempt to cover their exorbitant demands by lusty professions of hard labor they have done. They say that, "It was a masterpiece of liquidation, and were it not for our unceasing efforts, not fifty per cent. would have been realized." They must remember that they would have been paid for a "masterpiece" and for "unceasing efforts" if they got at the rate of five thousand dollars per annum each. It must be remembered that Campbell, the first liquidator appointed, in his short term of office collected enough to redeem the notes in circulation and to pay within a hundred thousand dollars of the amount of the first dividend. For this, I am told, Campbell is to get nothing because he was mixed up in some deal with Jim Baxter at the bank, and threats are even being made to make him pay for some of the redeemed bills out of his own pockets. In this connection it has been freely stated that a large concern, which holds pretty well within its hands one if not two of the liquidators, were interested in a thirty thousand dollar deposit receipt, the orig'n and career of which was nearly if not quite as interesting as that of those which found their way to Montreal. But such is life, my brave masters! and the liquidation of the Central Bank is one of those events which though unpleasant and disastrous in itself gives us an opportunity for becoming better acquainted with some of our friends, and with these few words I will now take my seat.

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The *expose* by the *World* of the tactics of the Ontario Government, in which they constitute the License Commissioners their extortioners and bulldozers, is a timely blow at a system as frankly oppressive and evil in its tendencies as the worst features of the once celebrated political rule of Tammany Hall in New York. If W. R. Meredith does not make the license system of Ontario one of his chief points of attack, he will lose his best opportunity. The Scott Act counties are being worked in the same way; those who stand in with the Government can sell whisky and not be prosecuted—they do at any rate—while the Tory sinner is punished as he deserves. Ontario is ripe for rebellion against this abuse; and more, it expects the school system under the able management of the brilliant G. W. Ross to degenerate into the same slough of party tyranny.

DON.

Society.

The guests whom Mrs. Edward Jones had invited to Church street last Saturday evening were not numerous, but they were well-chosen, both as regards themselves as a whole and as regards one another, and it was to a great extent in consequence of the two above-named facts in their selection, that the general verdict amongst them was "one of the most charming little affairs of the season." There are few houses in Toronto of which the furnishing and decoration are better calculated to show off a pretty gown and a pretty face than Mrs. Edward Jones'; many of the first among society belles were present and all looked their very best. The affair was not, as is so often the case, a musical party in little else than name. Very nearly all the musical talent that Toronto possesses lent its aid, and the violin playing of the guest of the evening, Miss Sibley of Detroit, was a genuine treat. With Miss Merritt at the piano, and songs from Mrs. George Torrance, Miss Robinson, the Misses Ford-Jones and Mr. Gamble Geddes, in addition to the talented singing and playing of the fair stranger, the programme was of exceptional excellence. No better tribute could have been paid to the talents of the performers than by the fact that they were one and all listened to in complete silence. Many an unfortunate drawing-room singer and pianist can bear witness that the first few chords of their number are often the signal only for a doubling of the buzz of conversation—or a frequently more appropriate word—chatter. Among Mrs. Jones' guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Frank Jones, Miss Otter, Mrs. Hodgins, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. Fox, Mr. John Heward, Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Roberts, Miss Small, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Stephen Heward, Dr. Ogden Jones, Miss Bessie Jones, Mr. R. Thomas, Mr. John Morrow, Miss Eudie Hugel, the Messrs. Langton, Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, the Messrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Mr. Wallace Jones, Miss Williams and Mr. Williams, R. E., of London, England.

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Mrs. Percival Ridout's At Home, at Rosedale House last Saturday afternoon, was well attended and most enjoyable. The beauties of Mr. and Mrs. Ridout's charming abode received the admiration I predicted for them. Considering that it was a Saturday, when fashion allows people to go to tea parties a little earlier than usual, and considering also that Mrs. Ridout's cards had mentioned four o'clock, her guests came rather late. However they made up for their tardiness by staying late, and thus showed that they were amused. A few names only, out of perhaps sixty or seventy, are Capt. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Ridout of Cobourg, Mrs. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mrs. Cattenach, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Stirling, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Messrs. Edward and Gordon Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. G. W. Yarker, Miss Eudie Hugel, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Miss DuMoulin, Miss Williams, Mr. Stephen Heward, Miss Fanny Small, Mr. Small, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Arthur Hodgins.

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One week from the evening of Mrs. Morgan's ball, many of society will find themselves at Mrs. Lockhart's house on College avenue. Mrs. Lockhart is a constant and indefatigable hostess to the dancing world. Almost every winter are her carpets taken up and her house turned upside down, as such hospitality requires.

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Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy's dinner-party on the night of the reception at the Victoria Rink included Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Miss Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Capt. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. Fox, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Edin Heward, Mr. Williams, R. E., Miss Robinson, Mr. Frank Darling.

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Mrs. Wragge's At Home last Saturday afternoon was a pleasant affair. Mrs. Wragge's pretty house on Wellesley street is not a very large one, but it was in no way overcrowded by her fifty or sixty guests. Another large At Home at Rosedale on the same afternoon had occupied many people earlier in the afternoon, and the late-comers at Mrs. Wragge's were mostly those who had come there from Mrs. Ridout's, although not a few took in the two teas in the reverse order. Amongst Mrs. Wragge's guests I noticed Mrs. Bain, Mr. George Burton, Mr. Fox, Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Archie Campbell, Mr. Goldingham, Miss Robinson, Miss Brough, the Misses Boulton, the Messrs. Langton, Miss Burton, Miss Dawson, Miss O'Brien, Miss Gillespie, Mr. Gillespie, Miss Hodgins, Miss Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Edward Cayley, Mr. Hollyer.

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Blase people, and these numbered not a few, who attended the opening festival of the Victoria Club and Rink found the affair rather a bore. Of course every allowance should have been made for the difficulties that the committee had to encounter through the complete change in their programme caused by the want of ice, but many of the guests were in a grumbling and fault-finding mood, and inclined to declare that more might have been done for their pleasure. Their first grievance, and it was a plausible one I must admit, was the floor of the temporary ball-room. This floor was a caution. Mr. Corlett's waltzes and polkas were as insinuating and sprightly as always, but not even his efforts could persuade people that they were enjoying their dancing on a floor which really felt as if it had been coated with glue. I believe this extraordinary stickiness was caused by the floor's varnish, which the heat of gas, etc., had melted; but surely the committee should have foreseen this and provided a drugget, if they could do nothing else. In the other rooms, on the same floor as the dancing-room, there was an absence of seats, a general emptiness which was rather depressing and uncomfortable, and people wandered about from room to room and in and out of the passage more aimlessly and uneasily than is their wont at an evening assembly. Another unpleasing feature was the presence of quite a number of people in morning dress, which gave a certain nondescript character to the general appearance of the guests. One does not associate a suit of "dittoes" or a frock coat with bright lights and the strains of the waltz, "that charging step of love." I have kept till last the one feature which was altogether delightful. The supper-room up-stairs with its subdued light, its tables covered with exquisite roses, and its fascinating alcoves with seats for two, divided from one another by curtains and tall plants, was quite charming. People who discovered this attractive resting-place must have enjoyed the time they spent there, but I fancy that many of the guests never went up-stairs at all.

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Last Thursday afternoon Mrs. Victor Armstrong of 74 Henry street was At Home to her friends. Many hostesses like to choose the afternoon before a dance for their tea parties, and thus is opportunity given for the indulgence of that provincial but agreeable custom, of making up dance programmes beforehand At Mrs. Armstrong's I noticed many a long pencil at work.

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On Tuesday evening Colonel and Mrs. Sweny had a large dance, not a children's party as I have heard it described, but a dance for young ladies and gentlemen who are on the verge, whom a year or two will make dancing-men and society belles. This party was given for Colonel Sweny's two sons who are at home for the Christmas holidays from the Port Hope school. I am told that the youngsters have been rather envied by not a few amongst the elder portion of society.

DANCING THE MINUET.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis of Beverley street gave a delightful children's party on January 4th for Miss Nena and Hilda Clarkson, her grandchildren. The little ones enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. Among them were Mrs. Armour's little boy and girl, who were the last arrivals, and looked like little pictures; Miss Nora Marks of Port Arthur, a pupil of Miss Dupont's, who looked very pretty in a dark red plush dress; little Mabel Harman, Miss Baby Chervitt, the Masters Ireland and about forty others. The Misses Loane of Victoria, also pupils of Miss Dupont's, with Miss Connie Jarvis and Miss Armstrong, helped to amuse the children.

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Mrs. R. H. Gray of Huntley street gave a young people's party on Friday evening. Corlett's Band was in attendance which made the dancing very enjoyable. About fifty were present. Among them were noticed Miss Ada Lowndes, Messrs. Mont and Charlie Lowndes, Miss Pearson, Miss Tootie Heward, Miss Kate Crawford, Miss Edie Morrison, Mr. Tom Morrison, Mr. George Lillie, Miss May Bostwick.

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The Misses Ord of Rosedale entertained a few friends at their house on Saturday last.

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Mr. Geo. Mitchell has returned from his visit home in Quebec where he spent Christmas.

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Mrs. Alfred Chapman's party on Friday last was very much enjoyed. Miss Florie Chapman made a charming little hostess. Nearly all present were her friends from the church school. Judge McDougall's two little black-eyed girls, dressed in pink and cream nun's veiling, were very much admired. Miss Edie Jarvis danced very prettily in a Kate Greenaway dress.

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Mrs. E. B. Osler of Rosedale gave a children's party on Saturday.

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The friends of Capt. Ord will be glad to hear that he is very much improved since his visit to Florida, where he has gone for his health. He bore the journey better than his family.

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What a strange winter we are having! The ground destitute of frost has almost the appearance of early spring. I noticed the other day in Dr. Gelkie's garden three lilies have been thus early trying to break their winter bonds.

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Mrs. Alexander Chewitt of Beverley street has issued invitations for a children's party to be held on Thursday.

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Miss Louey Livingstone of Rosedale is having five o'clock tea for her young friends this afternoon.

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Mrs. Schrieber, the artist, has been staying in town for the last week with Mrs. Thompson of Wellesley street.

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Miss Francis is able to be out again, after her illness, and is looking as pretty as ever.

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Mrs. Augustus Heward of Montreal is expected to pay a visit to her brother, Mr. Edmund Meredith of Rosedale.

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A musicale recital was given at Mr. Harrison's residence, Gloucester street, on Saturday last by his pupils, assisted by Mr. F. Boucher and Miss Hillary. The playing of Miss Smyth, who is a pretty little girl of about thirteen, was remarkable in a valse Aragonaise; and the others acquitted themselves in a manner creditable and gratifying to Mr. Harrison and the parents of the pupils. Among those present I noticed Miss Strathy and Mr. Gus Heward, Mr. Harry Field, Miss Molesworth, Dr. and Miss Anderton.

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Mrs. William Jarvis has returned from New York, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Brydges.

*

On Tuesday evening a select portion of the *beau-monde* assembled at Mrs. John Boulton's fine old rambling house on Grange road. The inviting had been done verbally and the affair had been named "small and early,"—small it certainly was, and perhaps more delightful on that account, but not early. Mrs. Boulton's guests showed how they were enjoying themselves by exceeding their moral limit of late hours, and only left when the proverbial small hours were becoming alarmingly large again

*

The report of an occurrence at the above affair which is said to have been witnessed by two parties would, if told to me by either of them, be best answered by a quotation:

"'Can this be true?' an arch observer cries.
'Yes' (rather moved), 'I saw it with these eyes.'
'Sir! I believe it on those grounds alone,
I could not, had I seen it with my own.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dawson returned to

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

A Morning in a Convent.

I admit it, as the majority of us would if we were asked, that we Protestants hear of young women "taking the veil" at a convent with something very much like a shudder. The passer-by looks up at convent walls with the same gruesome feeling excited by the confines of a prison, and wonders what folly suggests to young and pretty women the idea of shutting themselves away from the world and all its gaiety, its loves and excitements, its hopes and conquests. Most of all I have wondered how women can be content with their maternal mission unfulfilled, how, with the heaven-implanted hope of having baby lips some day upturned to theirs and soft, infant hands lovingly touching their faces, they can consent to take the vows which make them the bride of heaven!

I am used to often see the pure, gentle faces of the sisters in the street cars, and have wondered if they masked the misery of disappointment and loneliness, or were really the reflex of spiritual elation, virgin love of Christ and meek imitation of His glorious sacrifice. When I was seventeen I began the study of medicine with a Roman Catholic physician, and when, performing the duties of "deputy sawbones" and first had to go to the convent, I really had fears that I would see something to horrify me, or, perchance, might be captured and detained, though why anyone should want me did not appear, for I was altogether undesirable, except perhaps as a slave to saw the wood and at that task I would have required a heap of watching and persuasion. I began then to see the beauty and self-sacrifice in the lives of "the Sisters." At the bedsides of the sick within their church I was for a time no infrequent visitor, and when one of those pure-faced women spoke to me I confess I was unable to answer, save in clumsy monosyllables, I stood so much in awe of her goodness. I tell of this not to be reminiscent, but that those who read may get an idea of the saintliness of deportment which could overawe the bolsterous self-confidence of a seventeen-year-old medical student.

Last Friday night, by accident, I heard that fourteen young ladies were to be received into the order of the Sisterhood of St. Joseph, and early on Saturday morning I went with my wife—who, by the way, is of rigid North of Ireland Protestant stock—to inquire if I might witness the reception. We were late; it didn't matter; when I told the Sister at the door that I represented SATURDAY NIGHT and wanted to write something about the ceremony, we were escorted to the crowded chapel and given front seats. I hate to go late to a place where in the natural order of things I have to depart from the customs and observances held sacred by those who belong there. I think this has perhaps been experienced by other Protestants who visit Roman Catholic churches, where all those who enter bend the knee before the altar and make the sign of the cross. If I can get in early I feel easy in omitting it, but coming late and stalking past the place where the Presence is esteemed to be, I am impressed by the idea that those who see the omission may imagine the act an irreverent disregard of the proprieties of the sanctuary. I love the masses and music of the Catholic Church, and have gone so often that I begin to feel a little at home, but as we went towards the convent I, as a feeler, enquired of my better half which would be more proper, when "at Rome to do as the Romans do," or to pass in without any attempt to comply with the forms.

One glance of her mild eye convinced me; it had in it the fire of Fermanagh as she said, "I would not take the wealth of the earth and bow down before graven images." Of course she was right, but there is nothing to which I am so averse as any word or act which may be construed as sneering or contemptuous of what another holds sacred. Yet we must not conform, if conformity is hypocrisy, a sacrifice of principle or a weak fear of the opinions of others. I felt rebuked; religiously I am not a bigot, yet I would be angry to be told I am a weakling. I think, when I remember the pugnacious tenacity with which I cling to the doctrines taught me in my youth, how others feel when they imagine an indirect attack is being made upon their views, and try to avoid it, but I can remember when even this was denounced as a sign of weakness and yielding.

Gathered in the plain but spacious corridors of the convent were those who came, not to the religious wedding, but to the funeral of Mother St. John (Mallon), for whom requiem mass was to be said immediately after the reception, and the death in their midst had its influence on the first ceremonies in saddening many of the nuns who had known her so long. But in the chapel the scene was almost gay as the six young women, dressed in costly wedding robes of white satin, passed down the aisle to the altar rail, a number of beautiful little girls acting as their train bearers, and carrying in baskets the beads and habits they were to wear. As the procession came in the Christmas Canticle was intoned by the choir, and when returning to exchange their lovely robes for the plain and sombre garments of the sisters of St. Joseph the choir sang The Hymn for Religious Profession;" at the beginning of the mass the Adesta Fidelis was sung, and during the offertory a hymn in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Everyone knows how lovely a convent choir can sing! To me, long remembered delights are the Easter masses in Catholic churches! The dim mysterious lights of the cathedral, the burning candles on the altar, the slowly moving figures of the priests and white robed boys, the incense and most of all the whispering and pealing of the organ and the voices! All these appeal to the senses, make me worshipful even if it be only in a sensuous way, and I feel the influence of the Presence at the altar as perhaps the Pagan does, who worships "he knows not what." At any rate I can affirm my pleasure in the singing, it was sweet, and particularly that of the hymn The Nun at Death, exquisitely rendered.

After the mass the solemn and imposing tones of the Te Deum were heard, followed by the psalm Laudate Dominum.

But I am passing over what I started out to write. The six young ladies who received the white veil were as follows:—Miss Cass of Dundas, called in the sisterhood Sister Mary Francesca; Miss Rigney of Toronto, Sister Mary Serapia; Miss Byrne of Barrie, Sister Mary Justicia; Miss Kiely of Toronto, Sister Mary Eutropia; Miss Merrigan of St. Catharines, Sister Mary Cyrilla; Miss Pauly of Hamilton, Sister Mary Jane.

Eight novices pronounced their holy vows: Sister Mary Isidore, Sister Helen of the Cross, Sister Mary Domitilla, Sister Christina, Sister Blandina, Sister Crescentia, Sister Rufina and Sister Verena. The ceremony was most solemn and imposing, the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney officiating at the reception and profession and Rev. Father Divine (brother of one of the professing nuns) celebrating mass. Among the priests who were present I recognized that charming conversationalist Very Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines, Rev. Fathers J. McEntee and McCaul, and Bro. Arnold, (whose two sisters received the veil), Urbanus and Odo. Rev. Father Thumel of St. Patrick's parish preached the sermon and it impressed me considerably. He told us of the martyrs of the first centuries after Christ died for us and gave us the great example of how to live and die for God and humanity, who gave themselves up to the devouring teeth of wild beasts and the flames of the stake in imitation of the sacrifice made by Him. After the days of the bloody arena had passed and the fires of the stake had gone out there were men and women who desired to follow Christ and abandon everything they held dear for Christ's sake, and these were nailed to the cross by the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, and crowned by the thorns of the Book of Rules. It was hard for a woman to give up her property, to abandon the legitimate loves of life and to vow obedience to the rules of a community, but there were advantages in this life and everlasting glory in the life to come for those making the sacrifice. While they must experience poverty they were sure of a home and sufficient as long as the Order existed, and if they had not the happiness of being a mother, they had not the miseries and trials of those who see their children turning into evil ways and imperiling their souls. Obedience, too, is a part of life and obedience to the rules of the community brought its satisfying contentment in the love of Christ, as the Saint once said when tempted by the Emperor of Rome to become his wife. "When you bring me one more lovely than him I love I will accept him."

"Christ," she answered, and to Him she clung. The preacher admitted that too many of those who had taken the vows had been tempted by the world with promises of position and adoration if they deserted their calling, but in every case they had found that they were deceived, and where happiness, pleasure and honor had been offered, if they abandoned their religious life, their perfidy was rewarded by contempt, dishonor and eternal woe.

It struck me as a good answer to the calumnies sometimes circulated against convents, the presence of priests who were assisting to give the veil to their own sisters!

The requiem mass, sung by Rev. E. Murray, chaplain of the community, for the repose of the soul of Mother St. John was impressive, and its sadness was in vivid contrast with the preceding ceremony, particularly was the solemn chanting of De Profundis different to the joyous strains heard during the reception. Rev. J. J. Lynch was sub-deacon and Father Hand master of ceremonies, and the priests present were Rev. Fathers Rooney, Vincent, Cushing, Teefy, Morris, Divine, McPhilips, Cruise and Kearnan. Mother St. John, one of the sisters told me, was 66 years old and had been 37 years in the religious life. She had been superioress in Amherstburg, Niagara, Barrie and Oshawa, and had been noted for her charity and zeal. She was only sick six days of heart disease, and passed happily away, her last few years having been free from responsibility and altogether spent in prayer.

After we left the convent old prejudices seemed remote—if they had not died away—and in their place was the memory of the sweet-faced girls who, in their black robes, knelt in prayer and received the communion at the altar rail. The sounds of the joyous singing at the reception, the sad tones of the requiem, the feeling that the world is a poor habitation for purity, that family ties almost forbid the broadest unselfishness, the ideal of a life devoted to prayer and godliness, to sacrifice and sanctity, made us both better that we had spent that morning in the convent, and its walls seemed no longer prisonlike, but protective.

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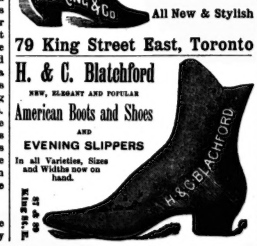

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CHAPTER I.

"Farewell, too—now at last—
Farewell, fair lily."

The joy bells clashed out upon the clear, bright air, startling the rooks in the great elm trees that showed their leafy tops above the gray gables of the old church. The bells broke out with sudden jubilation; sudden, albeit the village had been on the alert for that very sound all the summer afternoon, uncertain as to when the signal for that joy peal might be given.

The signal had come now, given by the telegraph wires to the old postmistress, and sent on to the expectant ringers in the dusky church tower. The young couple had arrived at Wareham station, five miles off, and four coach horses were bringing them to their honeymoon home yonder amidst the old woods of Cheriton Chase.

Cheriton village had been on tiptoe with expectancy ever since four o'clock, although common sense ought to have informed the villagers that a bride and bridegroom who were to be married at two o'clock in Westminster Abbey were not very likely to appear at Cheriton early in the afternoon. But the village, having made up its mind to a half holiday, was glad to begin early. A little knot of gypsies from the last race meeting in the neighborhood had improved the occasion and set up the friendly and familiar image of Aunt Sally on the green in front of the Eagle Inn, while a rival establishment had started a pictorial shooting gallery, with a rubicund giant's face and gaping gargantuan mouth grinning at the populace across a narrow of Barcelona nuts. There are some people who might think Cheriton village and Cheriton Chase too remote from railway stations and its traffic to be subject to strong emotions of any kind. Yet even in this region of Purbeck, cut off from the rest of England by a winding river, ostentatiously calling itself a creek, and there were eager interests and warm feelings and many a link with the great world of men and women on the other side of the stream.

The sun was shining in golden glory upon gray stone roofs and gray stone walls, clothed with rose and honeysuckle, clematis and trumpet ash—upon the village forge, where there had been no work done since the morning, where the fire was out and the man Neal, lounging at door and window in their Sunday clothes—upon the three or four village shops and the two village inns, the humble little house of call opposite the forge, with its queer old sign, Live and Let Live, and the good old George Hotel, with sprawling, dilapidated stables and spacious yard, where coaches used to stop in the days that were gone.

There was a floral arch between the little tavern and the forge—a floral display along the low rustic front of the butcher's shop—and the cottage post office was converted into a bower. There were calico mottoes hanging across the road—"Welcome to the Bride and Bridegroom," "God Bless Them Both," "Long Life and Happiness" and other simple and hearty phrases of time-honored familiarity. But those clashing bells, with their sound of tumultuous gladness, a joy that clamored to the blue skies above and the woods below, and out to the very sea yonder, in its loud exuberance—those and the smiling faces of the villagers were the best of all demonstrations.

There were gentle folks among the crowd—a string of pony carts and carriages drawn up on the long slip of waste ground beyond the forge, just where the road turned off to Cheriton Chase; and there were two or three horsemen, one a young man upon a fine bay colt, who had been waiting his horse about restlessly for the last hour or so, sometimes riding half a mile towards the station in his impatience.

The carriage came towards the turning point, the bride bowing and smiling as she returned the greetings of gentle and simple, whom she had pacified the delicate olive of her complexion, but her large dark eyes were luminous with gladness and a happy faith in the or life before her. Her straw colored silk gown and Leghorn hat were the perfection of simplicity, and seemed to surround her with an atmosphere of coolness amidst the dust and glare of the road.

At sight of the young man on the bay horse she put her hand on Sir Godfrey's arm and said something to him, on which he told the coachman to stop. They had driven slowly through the village, and the horses pulled up readily at the turn of the road.

"Only to think of your coming so far to greet us, Theodore," said Juanita, leaning out of the carriage to shake hands with the owner of the colt.

"I wanted to be among the first to welcome you, that was all," he answered, quietly. "I had half a mind to ride to the station and be ready to hand you into your carriage, but I thought Sir Godfrey might think me a nuisance."

"No fear of that, my dear Dalbrook. I should have been very glad to see you. Did you ride all the way from Dorchester?"

"Yes; I came over early in the morning, breakfasted with a friend, rested the colt all day, and now he is ready to carry me home again."

"What devotion," said Juanita, laughingly, yet with a shade of embarrassment.

"What good exercise for Peter, you mean. Keeps him in condition against the cubbing begins. God bless you, Juanita. I can't do better than echo the invocation above our heads, 'God bless the bride and bridegroom.'"

He shook hands with them both for the second time. A faint glow of crimson swept over his frank fair face as he touched those hands. His honest blue eyes looked at his cousin for a moment with grave tenderness, in which there was the shadow of a life-long regret. He had loved and wooed her and resigned her to her more favored lover, and he was honest to the core of his heart in his desire for her happiness. His own happiness, his own life, seemed to him of small account when weighed against her well-being.

"Can you come and dine with us before we leave Cheriton, Dalbrook," said Sir Godfrey.

"You are very good. I am off to Heidelberg for a holiday as soon as I can wind up my office work. I will offer myself to you later on, if I may, when you are settled at the Abbey."

"Come when you like, Godfrey."

The carriage turned the corner. The crowd burst into a cheer, one, two, three, and then another one, and then again louder than the first, and the horses were on the point of boiling for the rest of the way to Cheriton.

Theodore Dalbrook rode slowly away from the festivities, festivities which were the clang of the joy bells and the sound of rustic triple-lob majors. It would be night before he reached Dorchester; but there was a moon, and he knew every yard of high road, every grassy ride across the wide barren heath between Cheriton and the old Roman city. He knew the road and he knew his horse, which was as good of its kind as there was to be found in the county of Dorset. He was not a rich man, and he had to work hard for his living; but he was the son of a well-to-do father, and he never stinted the price of the horse that carried him, and which was something more to Theodore Dalbrook than most men's horses are to them. It was his own familiar friend, companion and solace. A man might have understood as much only to see him lean over the colt's neck and pat him, as he did to night, riding slowly up the hill that leads from Cheriton to the wild ridge of heath above Brankses Island.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he rode slowly along the avenue that led into Dorchester. The moon was shining between the leafy tops of the tall elms, whose over-arching bows recalled the familiar image of a vaulted aisle. The road with this high, over-arching roof had a cloistral look in the moonlit stillness. The Roman amphitheater yonder, grassy banks suggesting the semi-circular benches of stone, shone white in the moonbeams; the old town seemed half asleep. The house in Cornhill had a very Philistine look as compared with that fine old mansion of Cheriton, which had been laid out in mind in very vivid colors to-night—those two wandering about the old Italian garden, hand-in-hand, wedded lovers, with the lamp lit rooms open to the soft summer night and the long terrace and stone balustrade and moss-grown statues of sylvan gods all silvered by the moonbeams. The Cornhill house was a fine old house notwithstanding, a panelled house of the Georgian era, with a wide entrance hall and a broad staircase with carved oak balusters and a balluster rail a foot broad. The furniture had been very little changed since the days of Theodore Dalbrook's great-grandfather, for the late Mrs. Dalbrook had cherished no yearnings for modern art in the furniture line. Her gentle spirit had lived up to her husband's leader of men, and had reverenced chairs and tables, bureaus and wardrobes that had belonged to his grandfather, as if they were made sacred by that association. The old house good old house in the good old town had a savor of bye gone generations, an old family air which no parvenu would buy for money gold if he could. True that the dining-room chairs were overponderous and the dining-room pictures belonged to the immeasurable period of time in which you can only catch your saint or your martyr at one particular angle, yet the chairs were of a fine antique form and bore the crest of the Dalbrooks on the backs, and other backs, and the pictures had a respectable brownness which might mean Holbein or Rembrandt.

The drawing room was large and bright, with four narrow, deeply-recessed windows commanding the broad street and the Peacock Hotel over the way, and deep window seats crammed with flowers. Here the old panelling had been painted pale pink and the mouldings picked out in a deeper tint by successive generations of vandals, but the effect was cheerful, and the pale walls made a good background for the Chippendale secretaires and cabinets filled with willow patterns, Worcester or Crown Derby. The window curtains were dark brown cloth, with a border of Berlin wool lilies and roses, a border which would have set the teeth of an æsthete on edge, but which blended with the general brightness of the room. Old Mrs. Matthew Dalbrook, the grandmother, and her three spinster daughters had lolled over those cross-stitch borders, and Theodore's mother would have deemed it sacrilege to have put aside curtains so embellished.

Harrington Dalbrook and his two sisters were in the drawing-room, each apparently absorbed in an illustrated book, and yet all three had been talking for the greater part of the evening. It was a characteristic of their intellectual lives to nurse a volume of Herbert Spencer or a treatise upon the mysteries of Buddha, while they discussed the conduct or morals of their neighbors—or, on the feminine part, their gowns and bonnets.

"I thought you were never coming home, Theo," said Janet. "You don't mean to say you've waited to see the bride and bridegroom?"

"That is exactly what I do mean to do. I had to get old Sandown's lease executed, and when I had finished my business I waited to see the arrive. Do you think I would get me anything in the way of supper, Janie?"

"Father went to bed ever so long ago," replied Janet; "it dreadfully late."

"But I don't suppose the cook has gone to bed, and perhaps she would condescend to cut sandwiches or two," answered Theodore, ringing the bell.

His sisters were orderly young women who objected to eating and drinking out of regulation hours, but they looked upon his entreaties contentedly, thinking that her brother would make crumbs. Young men, she had observed, are almost miracle workers in the way of crumbs. They can get more superfluous crumbs out of any given piece of bread than the entire piece would appear to contain, looked at by the casual eye.

"I have found a passage in Spencer which must fully bears out my view, Theodore," said Sophia, severely, referring to a statement she had had with her brother the day before yesterday.

"How did she look?" asked Janet, openly frivolous for the nonce.

"Lovelier than I ever saw her look in her life," answered Theodore. "At least I thought so."

He wondered, as he said those words, whether it had been his own despair at the thought of having irrevocably lost her which invested her familiar beauty with a new and mystic power.

"Yes, she looked exquisitely lovely, and completely happy—happy as a bride.

"If her gowns were a thought longer her face would be almost perfect," said Janet. "How was she dressed?"

"I could no more tell you than I could say how many petals there are in that Dijon rose yonder. I think there was yellow in her hat—pale yellow, like a primrose."

"Men are such dolts about women's dress," retorted Janet impatiently; "and yet they pretend to have taste and judgment, and to criticise everything we wear."

"I think you may rely upon us for knowing what we don't like," said Theodore.

He seated himself in a big Indian easy chair, a roomy old chair with projecting sides, that almost hid him from the other occupants of the room. He was weary and sad, and their chatter irritated his over-strung nerves. He would have gone straight to his own room on arriving, but that would not have set them wondering, and he was too kind to trouble about. He wanted to keep his secret, or as much of it as he could. No doubts those three knew that he was sorry, and of her, very fond; that he would have sacrificed half his lifetime to win her for the other half; but they did not know how he loved her. They did not know that he would have melted down all the sands of time into one grain of gold—if he could—for one golden day in which to hold her to his heart and know she loved him.

CHAPTER II.

"And warm and light I felt her clasping hand
When I was cold and dark and chilled with wind."

There is a touch of childishness in all honeymoon couples, a something which suggests the Babes in the Wood, left to play together by the Arch Deceiver, Blind Love; wandering hand in hand in the morning sunshine, gathering flowers, pleased with the mossy banks and leafy glades, before ever hunger or cold or fear came upon them, before the shadow of night and death stole darkly on their path. Even Godfrey Carbonnel, a man of the highly-educated young man, whose pride it was to march in the van of progress and enlightenment, even he had that touch of childishness which is adorable in a lover, and which lasts, oh, so short a time; even as the bloom on the peach, the down on a butterfly's wing, the morning dew on a rose.

He had loved her all his life, as it seemed to him. They had been companions, friends, lovers, for longer than either could remember, so gradual had been the growth of love. Yet the privilege of belonging to each other was none the less sweet because of this old familiarity.

"Are we really married—really husband and wife—Godfrey?" asked Juanita, nestling to his side as they stood together in the wide veranda where they breakfasted on these perfect July mornings among roses and clematis. "Husband and wife—such prosaic words. I heard people talk about us to the vicar yesterday as 'my wife.' It gave me quite a shock."

"Were you sorry to think it was true?"

"Sorry! No. But why? The word has such a matter-of-fact sound. It means a person who writes checks for the house accounts, revises the bill of fare, and takes all the blame when the servants are wrong."

"Shall I call you my idol, then, my goddess—the enchantress whose magic wand waffs gladness and sunshine over my existence?"

"No, call me wife. It is a good word, after all, Godfrey—a good, serviceable word—a word that will stand wear and tear. It means for ever."

They breakfasted tete-a-tete in their bower of roses; they wandered about the Chase or sat in the garden all day long. They had an idle, desultory life like little children, and wondered that evening came so soon, and stayed up late into the summer night, strange to tell, because the glory of that world of starshine and silence which seemed new to them in their mutual delight.

There was a lovely view from that broad terrace, with its Italian balustrade and statues, its triple flight of marble steps descending to the Italian garden, which had been laid out in the Augustan age of Pope and Addison, when the distinctive feature of a great man's garden was statue and fountain. Here was a favorite loitering place when the night grew late, Juanita looking Juliet in her loose white silk tea gown, with its Venetian amplitude of sleeve and its mediæval gold embroidery. The fashionable dressmaker who made that gown had known how to adapt her art to Miss Cheriton's beauty. The long simple folds accentuated every perfect line of the perfectly modled figure, fuller than the average girlish figure, suggestive of Juno rather than Diana. She was two inches taller than the average girl, and looked almost as tall as her lover as she stood beside him in the moonlight, gazing dreamingly at the landscape.

This hushed and solemn hour on the verge of midnight was their favorite time. Then only were they absolutely alone, sure of knowing that all the household was sleeping, and that they had their world verily to themselves, and might be as foolish as they liked. Even at sight of a shooting star, Juanita flung herself upon her lover's breast and sobbed aloud. It was some minutes before he could soothe her.

"My love, my love, what does it mean?" he asked, mystified by her agitation.

"I saw the star, and I prayed that we might never be parted; and then I felt afraid lest that we might, and I could not bear the thought," she sobbed, clinging to him like a frightened child.

"My dear one, what should part us, except death?"

"Ah, Godfrey, death is everywhere. How could a good God make his creatures so fond of each other and yet part them so cruelly as he does sometimes?"

"Only to unite them again in another world, Nita. I feel as if our two lives must go on in an endless chain, circling among those stars yonder, which could not have been made so for ever unpeopled. There are happy lovers there at this instant. I am convinced—lovers who have lived long and loved dearly, and have translated to higher life beyond; lovers who have tasted the pangs of parting, the ecstasy of reunion."

He glanced vaguely towards that starry heaven, while he fondly smoothed the dark hair upon Juanita's brow, which looked like a statuary marble in the moonlight. It was not easy to win her back to cheerfulness. That dreadful vision of possible grief had too completely possessed her. Even he could not be serious, finding her spirits so shaken; so they talked together gravely of that unknown hereafter which philosophy and religion may map out into mathematical divisions and lines, which remains to the individual soul for ever mysterious and awful.

Her husband found it wiser to talk of solemn things, finding her so sad, and she took comfort from that serious conversation.

"Let us lead good lives, dear, and hope for the best in other worlds," said he. "There is sound sense in the Buddhist theory, that we are the makers of our own spiritual destiny, and that a man may be in advance of his fellow men, even in getting to Heaven."

The next day was the first day the lovers devoted to practical things. They started directly after breakfast for a tete-a-tete drive to the Priory, where certain alterations and improvements were contemplated in the rooms which were to be Juanita's.

Nita stepped lightly across the threshold of her future home. The old grey porch was embedded in roses and trailing passion flowers. Everything had a sunshine, old world air, compared with Cheriton, which James Dalbrook had improved out of all character. Here there had been no improvement for over a century; and things had been quiescent as in the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty.

"What a dear old house it is, Godfrey, and how everything in it speaks to me of your ancestors—your own ancestors—not other people's! That makes all the difference. At Cheriton I feel as if I were surrounded by malevolent ghosts. I can't see them, but I know they are there. Those poor Strangways, how they must hate me."

"If there are any living Strangways knocking about the world houseless, or at any rate landless, I don't suppose they feel over kindly disposed to you," said Godfrey; "but the ghosts have done with human habitations. It can matter very little to them who lives in the rooms where they were born and died, miserable, as the case may be. Has your father ever heard anything of the old family?"

"Never. He says there are no Strangways left on this hemisphere. There may be a remnant of the race in Australia," he says, "for he heard of a cousin of Reginald Strangway's who went out to Brisbane years ago to work on a sheep farmer on the Darling Downs. There is no one else of the old race and the old name that he can tell me about. He has no more interest in the subject, you know. If I were to meet a very evil-looking tramp in the woods and he seemed to threaten me, I should suspect him of being a Strangway. They all must hate us."

"With a very unreasonable hatred, then, Nita, for it was no fault of your father's that the family went to the bad. I have heard my father talk of the Strangways many a time over his wine. They had been a reckless but provident race for ever so many generations, men who lived only for the pleasure of the hour, whose motto was *Carpe diem* in the worst sense of the words. There was a Strangway who was the fashion for a short time during the Regency, wore a hat of his own invention, and got himself entangled with a number of actresses, who sued him for breach of promise. He dipped the property. There was a racing Strangway who kept a stable at Newmarket, and married—well—never mind how. He dipped the property. There was Georgiana Strangway, an heiress and a famous beauty, in the Sailor King's reign. Two of the Royal Dukes wanted to marry her; but she ran away with a handmaster in the Blues. She used to ride in Hyde Park at nine o'clock every morning in a green cloth spencer trimmed with sable, at a time when very few women rode in London. Saw the handmaster, fell over head and ears in love with him, and bolted. They were married at Gretna. He spent as much of her fortune as he could get at, and was reported to have thrashed her before they parted. She set up a boarding-house at Ostend, gambled, drank cheap brandy, and died at five and forty."

"What a dreadful ghost she would be to meet," said Nita, with a little shudder.

"From first to last they have been a bad lot," concluded Sir Godfrey, "and the Isle of Purbeck was a predilection lower when your father became master of Cheriton Chase and Baron Cheriton of Cheriton."

"That is what they must feel worst of all," said Nita, speaking of the dead and the living as if they were one group of banished shades. "It must be hard for them to think that a stranger should come into the home from which once theirs, even from the house in which they were born. Poor ill-behaved things, I can't help being sorry for them."

"My dear child Nita, they do not deserve your pity. They made their own lives, love. They have only suffered the result of their own Karma."

"I only hope they will be better off in their next incarnations, and that they won't get to that dreadful eighth world which leads nowhere."

She made this light allusion to a creed which she and her lover had discussed twice or many a time in their grave moods. They had read Mr. Sinnett's books together, and had given themselves up in some wise to the fascinating theories of modern Buddhism, and had been struck with the curious parallel between that semi-fabulous Reformer of the East and the Teacher and Redeemer in whom they both believed.

They went about the house together, Nita admiring everything, as if she were seeing those old rooms for the first time. The alterations to be made were of the smallest. Nita would allow scarcely any change.

They lunched at the Priory, Sir Godfrey joining them. Nita hated eating indoors when the weather was good enough for an *al fresco* meal. They lunched under a Spanish chestnut, that made a tent of foliage on the lawn in front of the terrace. They lingered over the meal, full of talk, finding a new world of conversation suggested by their surroundings; and then the greys were brought round to the hall door, and they started on the return journey.

It began to rain before they reached Cheriton, and the afternoon clouded over with a look of premature winter. No sauntering on the terrace this evening; no midnight meandering among the grassy glades, the gleaming statues and dense green walls; as they had been Romeo and Juliet, wedded and happy, in the garden of the Capulets, on that first time at the beginning of their honeymoon they were obliged to stay indoors.

"It is painfully chilly," exclaimed Juanita, as her maid carried off her damp mantle.

"My dearest love, I'm afraid you've caught cold," said Godfrey with a double alarm.

"Do I ever catch cold, Godfrey?" she cried scornfully, and indeed her splendid physique seemed to negative the idea, as she stood before him, all her buoyant, with the carnation of health upon cheek and lips, her eyes sparkling, her head erect.

"Well, no, my Juno, I believe you are as free from all such weakness as human nature can be; but I shall order fires all the same, and I implore you to put on a warm gown."

"I will," she answered gaily. "You shall see me in my copper plush."

"Thanks, love. That is a vision to live for."

Juanita had changed her gown by the time the tea table was ready, and came in from her room next door, a radiant figure in a gleaming copper-colored gown, falling loose from string of foot, and with no adornment except a broad collar and cuffs of old Venice point. Her brilliant complexion and southern eyes and ebon hair triumphed over the copper plush and lace, and it was at her Sir Godfrey looked as she came beaming towards him, and not at the dressmaker's achievement.

"How do you like it?" she asked, with childlike pleasure in her fine raiment. "I ought to have kept it for October, but I couldn't resist putting it on, just to see what you think of it. I hope you won't say it's gaudy."

"My dearest, you might be clad in a russet cloud for ever, and I should think it the reverse of gaudy. A portrait of a century hence, when you are beginning to fancy yourself *passee* we will talk about gowns. Come and pour out the tea, quence then how you dress. It can be none now."

"That is just a man's ignorance, Godfrey," she said, shaking her finger at him, as she seated herself in one of the bamboo chairs before the tea-table, a dazzling figure, in the reflection of the blazing logs, which danced about her eyes and hair and copper-colored gown in a bewildering manner. "You think me handsome, I suppose."

"Evidently so."

"And you think I should be just as handsome if I dressed anyhow—in a badly-fitting Tussore, for instance, with my hair not cleaned this year, and with a hat of my own trimming, eh, Godfrey?"

"Every time, my dear."

"That shows what an ignoramus a University education can leave a man. My dearest boy, half my good looks depend upon my dressmaker. Not for worlds would I have you see me a dowdy, if only for one half hour. The disillusion might last a lifetime. I dress to please your fastidious taste, and I should thought when I was choosing my trousseau. I want to be lovely in your eyes always, always, always."

"You need make no effort to attain your wish. You have put so strong a spell upon me that with me at least you are independent of the dressmaker's art."

"Again I say you don't know what you are talking about. But frankly, now, do you think it too gaudy?"

"That coppery background to my Murillo Madonna? No, love, the color suits you to perfection."

She poured out the tea, and then sank back in her comfortable chair, in a reverie, languid after her explorations of the Priory, full of a dreamlike happiness as she looked at the home of the fire, welcome as a novel indulgence at this time of the year.

"There is something more delightful than a fire in July," she said.

Her eyes wandered about the room, idly.

"Do you call them handsome?" she asked presently.

Godfrey looked puzzled. Was she still harping on the dress question, or was she challenging his admiration for the Strangways, concerning he had been watching in their rovings for a lazy five minutes.

"I mean the Strangways. That is their famous beauty—the girl in the scanty white satin petticoat, with the goat. Imagine anyone walking about a wood with a goat, in white satin. What queer ideas the Strangways must have had in those days. She is very lovely though, isn't she?"

"Since you ask me, I don't admire that narrow Cupid's bow mouth, the lips pinched up as if they were pronouncing prunes and prism. The face is very lovely and handsome, but too round, the complexion wax-dollish. No, she is not my ideal."

"I should have been miserable if you had admired her."

"There is a face in the hall which I like ever so much better, and yet I doubt if it is a good face."

"Which is that?"

"The face of the girl in that group of John Stranguay's three children."

"That girl with the towsled hair and bright blue eyes? Yes, she must have been handsome—but she looks—I hope you won't be shocked, but I really can't help saying it—that girl looks a devil."

"Poor soul! Her temper did not do much good for her. I believe she came to a melancholy end."

"How was that?"

"She eloped from a school in Switzerland, with an officer in a line regiment, a love match, but she went wrong a few years afterwards, left her husband, and died in poverty, at Boulogne I believe."

"Another ghost," exclaimed Juanita dolefully.

"Poor, lost soul, she must walk. I can't help feeling sorry for her—married to a man who was unkind to her, perhaps, and whom she discovered unworthy of her love. And then years afterwards meeting someone worthier and better, and she loved passionately. That is dreadful! Oh, Godfrey, if I had been married before I saw you—and we had met and you had cared for me—God knows what kind of woman I should have been. Perhaps I should have been one of these poor souls who have a history, the women mother and her friends stare at and whisper about in the Park. Why are people so keenly interested in them, I wonder? Why can't they leave them alone?"

"It would be charity to do so."

"No one is charitable—in London."

"Do you think the country is more indulgent?"

"I suppose not. I'm afraid English people keep all their charity for the Continent. I shall never look at that girl in that group without thinking of her sad story. She looks hardly fifteen in the picture. Poor thing. She did not know what was coming."

They loitered over the tea table, making the most of their happiness. The sweetness of dual life had not begun to pall. It was still new and wonderful to be together thus, unrestrained by any other presence.

In the midst of their gay talk Juanita's eyes wandered to the brass Time, upon the chimney piece, and the familiar figure suggested gloomy ideas.

"I, Godfrey, look at that grim old man with his scythe, mowing down our happy moments so fast that we can hardly taste their sweetness before they speed away. To think that our lives are hurrying on as like a torrent, and that we shall be like him," pointing distastefully to the type of old age—the wrinkled row and flowing beard—"before we know that we have lived.

"It is a pity, sweet, that life should be so short."

Her glance wandered higher to the dark oak panel above the clock, and she started up from her low chair with a faint scream, stood on tiptoe before the fireplace, snatched half-a-dozen scraggy peacock's feathers from the panel, and threw them at her husband's feet.

"Look at those," she exclaimed, pointing to them as they lay there.

"Peacock's feathers. What have they done that you should use them so?"

"Oh, Godfrey, don't you know?" she asked earnestly.

"Don't I know what?"

"That peacock's feathers bring ill luck. It is fatal to take them into a house. They are an evil omen. And father will pick them up when he is strolling about the lawn and will bring them indoors; though I am always scolding him for his obstinate folly, and always throwing the horrid things away."

"And this thing has been going on for some years, I suppose?" asked Godfrey, smiling at her intensity.

"Ever since I remember."

"And have the peacock's feathers brought you misfortune?"

She looked at him gravely for a few moments, and then burst into a joyous laugh.

"No, no, no, no," she said, "Fate has been over kind to me. I have never known sorrow. Fate has taken me at my best, the happiest woman in the world—for there can't be another you, and you are mine. It is like owning the Kohinoor diamond, and being the one to stand alone. Still all the same peacock's feathers are unlucky, and I will not suffer them in your room."

She picked up the offending feathers, twisted them into a ball, and flung them at the back of the deep old chimney, behind the smouldering logs; and the ball produced a brilliant flame, and she and Godfrey began a game with the board on their knees, and played an hour by firelight.

It was a quarter to eleven by the dial let into the marble of the chimney piece, the tea table had long gone, the last wine and water at ten o'clock, and had taken the final orders before retiring. Juanita and her husband were alone amid the stillness of the sleeping household. The night was close and dull, not a leaf stirring, and only a few dim stars in the heavy sky.

As the clock told the third quarter, with a small silvery chime, as it were the clock in fairy-land, Juanita started suddenly from her half-reclining position, and listened intently, with her face towards the open window.

"A footstep! she exclaimed. "I heard a footstep on the terrace."

"My dearest, I know your hearing is quicker than mine; but this time is your fancy that heard and not your ears. I heard nothing. And who should be walking on the terrace at such an hour, I can't imagine."

"I don't suppose anything about it, but I know there was someone. I heard the steps, Godfrey. I heard them as distinctly as I heard yours speak just now. Light footsteps—slow, very slow, and with that cautious, treacherous sound which light, slow footsteps always have, if one hears them in the silence of night."

"You are very positive."

"I know it, I heard it!" she cried, running to the window, and out into the grey night.

She ran along the whole length of the terrace and back again, her husband following her, and they found no one, heard no thing from one end to the other.

"You see, love, there was no one there," said Godfrey.

"I saw nothing of the kind—only that the someone who was there has vanished very cleverly. An cavesdropper might hide easily enough behind any one of those cypresses," she said, pointing to the obelisk-shaped trees, which showed black against the dim grey of the night.

"Why should there be any cavesdropper, love? What secrets have you and I that any prowler should watch or listen. The only person of the prowling kind to be apprehended would be a burglar, and if there had been burglar-free all these years, I see no reason for fear. So unless your mysterious footfall belonged to one of the servants or a servant's follower, which is highly improbable on this side of the house, I take it that you must have heard a ghost."

He had his arm around her and was leading her out of the misty night into the warm, bright room, and his voice had the light sound of laughter; but at that word ghost she started and trembled, and her voice was very serious as she answered.

"A ghost, yes! It was just like the footfall of a ghost—so slow, so soft, so mysterious. I believe it was a ghost, Godfrew—a Strangeway ghost. Some of them must visit this house."

(To be Continued.)

The Wonders of Science.

"What does Denim say?" inquired Bloojeans of Linzey, who had been standing fifteen minutes at the telephone, trying to screw the receiver into his ear.

"He says, 'cr-r-r-r-r-r cr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r tr-tr-tr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r cr-r-r-r-r-r click,'" responded Linzey, "and I don't know what that has to do with my wanting two cases of white goods. I guess I'll step down to his office and find out."

Not Now.

"Do you expect a raise of salary the first of the year?" he inquired, as they rode together on the rear platform of the car.

"Not now."

"Has anything happened lately to upset your expectations?"

"There has. I had my salary cut down $4 a week, and was told that I didn't earn half what I was getting after that."

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

A VERY DIFFICULT POSITION.

Miss Browning, who for some reason had been very dull and listless, following Mrs. King's advice and example had been out of the city for a week visiting some friends. When she returned little Jack was overjoyed and insisted on monopolising her entire attention for a couple of days.

"Aunty Dell," said he in one of those boyish bursts of confidence which are so exceedingly dangerous to everyone who has how little observation, "what did mamma mean when she asked me if I would like to have a new papa?"

"I am sure I don't know, Jack. Perhaps you were lonesome, and she was thinking how she could make you happy," answered Dell, almost startled out of her self-possession.

"But how could I have another papa? My papa is dead. Supposing she wanted to get one for me, how could she?"

"She could get married again, Jack, and the man she married would be your papa."

"He could not be, Aunty Dell; I would not have him," cried Jack angrily.

"I don't think there is any danger, Jack, don't speak about such things," answered Dell quietly, as she stroked the boy's hair and wondered within herself how Mrs. King could have been so thoughtless, so heartless, as even to make such a suggestion to the lad, little thinking that the astute woman had done it for the purpose of having it repeated to her.

"It can't be wrong for me to speak about it if it isn't for mamma. She came in my room last night after Mr. Tully had gone and asked me!"

The end Mrs. King had in view was accomplished and the innocent boy left in Dell's mind the impression that Stephen Tully had been talking love to the widow, even suggesting marriage.

"You haven't spoken of this to anyone else, Jack?" she inquired, earnestly.

"No, aunty Dell, only to you. I never tell anything to anyone but you, and," said he, closely watching her face as he whispered, "I won't tell—I would be ashamed to."

He was resting on the broad arm of a rocking chair in which she was sitting. After a long silence he whispered to her, "Aunty Dell, if mamma marries Mr. Tully, then you'll marry me, won't you?"

Her pale, thoughtful face was instantly lighted by a bright smile which would have been a laugh if she had not observed his intense earnestness.

"Oh, you could not marry me, Jack, you are only a little boy. You will have to be twice as old as you are now before you can think of such things. But I will always stick to you, Jack, no matter what happens you will always have aunty Dell."

"Then you won't marry anyone, aunty Dell, till I get old enough, till I am a man and can have a great big, big house and a carriage and everything lovely for you."

"Don't talk about it, Jack, I love you as you are now and always will while you are a good boy, so don't be anxious to be a man; you are much happier now, Jack, than you will be then."

"But I am not happy now, aunty Dell, only when I have you. I wish I were a man, I would be so happy! I would have you all the time, and you wouldn't go away to balls or sit in the drawing-room and talk to people while I have to stay up-stairs in the nursery."

"Ah, Jack, things will change very often, and very much before you are a man and nothing will change as much as you will yourself. I will be growing into an old woman then, and life will look very different to you, Jack, you will have a great many sorrows and troubles that you have no idea of now."

The entrance of the governess to take Jack away to his studies put an opportune end to the little fellow's love making.

Alone in her own room Dell Browning could hardly restrain her tears. In spite of everything she had cherished a hope that Tully would reform and be worthy of her confidence. While she had been able to reject his advances it had been impossible to forget the handsome face and fascinating voice of her gay suitor. She would not confess even to herself that she loved him, but no other man had so shared her thoughts, and this fresh evidence that she had no sower turned him away than he had begun love-making to Mrs. King, pained and shamed her. It was not only that Tully had not been faithful to her, but that Mrs. King had been so faithless to the memory of her noble husband. At first she thought she would speak to Mrs. King of the impropriety of encouraging attentions so early in her widowhood, but then she would have to betray Jack's confidence and—the thought stung her—be open to the suspicion of being jealous. The latter thought made her exclaim, "Never. She may make a fool of herself without any protest from me." And then came the memory of John King's death-bed when she had pledged the dying man to be good to Madge.

"Why," thought she, "must Stephen Tully wreck the happiness of everyone with whom he comes in contact? Why don't I hate him as I ought? Hereafter he shall make no mistake as far as I am concerned, and if I can save Madge I will."

Even in her resolution to protect Mrs. King from Stephen Tully, there was a heart pang which brought the tears as she decided that rather than permit any scandal over the impropriety of an intimacy between Mrs. King and Mr. Tully, she would encourage them to marry at once if no other remedy could be found.

"Why, Dell, what are you doing," cried Mrs. King, glancing into Dell's room, bright and radiant after her walk. "You look as tragic as if you had just made up your mind to sacrifice yourself and all your friends."

"Do I," said Dell shortly. "Have you had a pleasant walk?"

"Lovely," cried Mrs. King ecstatically. "You know I went down town to see Mr. Tully about some business affairs. He insisted on my coming when he was up here last night. By the way, I have seen considerable of him during your absence. He seems out of sorts, poor man, and doesn't know where to go. The papers were not ready and I am to go down again to-morrow. He walked part of the way up with me. Isn't he just delightful company? I don't wonder that half the girls are ready to make fools of themselves over Steve Tully, I believe I could almost do it myself."

Dell's look of contemptuous attention had not the slightest effect on Mrs. King who seemed determined to relate her experiences in spite of all discouragement. "He told me, do you know, Dell, that he had given up any hope of winning you, and thought it was, perhaps, just as well. You are too good and he too bad, so he said. Even if he did succeed, no doubt you would fight like cats and dogs after you were married."

"He needn't have wasted his time, Madge, in any such suppositions. There never was any danger of my marrying him. I haven't quite taken leave of my senses and"—added Dell slowly, with cutting emphasis—"I hope you haven't."

Dell was sorry she had spoken; she had done exactly what she had decided to avoid. Mrs. King looked up mockingly. "I never had any senses to take leave of, or like you, perhaps, I have always had just enough sense not to want what I couldn't get."

The last shot went home, but Dell ignored the innuendo and replied with hauteur, intended to close the conversation. "It would be well if we all had sense enough to refuse what we want and can get if it is something we should not have, or that would bring shame and scandal on those we ought to love.

"I'll be honest with you, Dell, though not so much perhaps that honesty is a part of my nature as to avoid any further lectures from one young enough to be my daughter. I intend having just as good a time in this world as I can, and I am not going to mope and mourn; it would do no good to anyone either dead or alive. I am not like you, I can't afford to wait. I like Stephen Tully; if I could marry him tomorrow, no matter how poor he was and analyze society, I would do it. I think, Dell, it is a case of a heart caught in the rebound, and if you knew just how I feel you would see the best of it. I know he likes me, because he has told me so.

"Madge," cried Dell, in horror, "you talk as if you had already said good-bye to every sense of propriety. If you have no impulse to protect your husband's memory, think of Jack, think of yourself, and how you would be scorned by every good woman and decent man in the whole circle of your acquaintance."

"I have thought of it all, Dell, and I have made up my mind. Of course I don't propose to marry him right off, but I intend to be engaged to him at once if," she added with a great affectation of modesty and candor, "enough has not passed between us to be considered an engagement.

"Come now, Dell," she whispered coaxingly, as she tried to be affectionate, "don't look so horrified. Let me be happy if you can't."

"Happy, Madge! This is not the way to be happy. You are laying up stores of misery for yourself and all the rest of us. I cannot kiss you. Go away and leave me alone. The very thought of such conduct as you suggest makes me feel sick."

"Very well, you'll get used to it. So will everybody else, but," she added with a last fling, "don't blame me if I have taken Steve away from you. I didn't suppose you would care or I wouldn't have done it."

"That remark, at least, is entirely unnecessary, Madge," retorted Dell, her lips white with disgust and anger.

"Perhaps it is, but one thing that is necessary, Dell, is an understanding between us. I am not prepared to accept anyone as my guardian and though I know you have very good sense, in this particular case if you offer either advice or opposition I give you notice I will suspect it of being caused by jealousy. You may not have cared for Mr. Tully; I don't suppose you did or you would have treated him differently, but I never knew a woman yet who could endure to see even a discarded lover attached to anybody else. You know," continued the unruffled Mrs. King, "how vain all of us women are. We imagine if we refuse a man he should pine away and die or at least remain single all his days moping over one's old letters or a lock of hair. But Stephen Tully isn't that kind of a fellow, and I might just as well have him as anybody else."

"Madge, for heaven's sake don't go on like this to me. Stephen Tully was never my lover. If he had been I could hear of his marriage to anyone whose future did not interest me without a solitary pang. I am thinking of you, not of him, and it is both unjust and cruel of you to insist upon putting me in a false position. If I did not think that you are talking as you are to prevent me from constraining with you I would willingly vow never to mention the matter again, but I promised your dying husband to be true to you, and I will, even though you accuse me of the basest motives."

"Very well, Dell, you can talk as much as you like, but it won't make the slightest difference to me. I shall do as I please and probably detest you for interfering. Good bye, dear."

With a rippling laugh Mrs. King tripped airily away to her own room, leaving Dell in a misery of astonishment and humiliation.

It was indeed a difficult position. Almost buried in an easy chair Dell endeavored to decide upon some plan of action whereby she could preserve her own dignity and yet defend Madge from that "wretch Tully." He had made her miserable and now was inflicting on her the shame of Madge's folly. She understood Mrs. King well enough to know that no mere social restraint would prevent her from letting the world see her infatuation for this handsome scapegrace. Once she thought of seeking an interview with Tully and begging him for the sake of his old partner and the many favors he had received from him, to abandon his intention of marrying the widow, but her pride, the fear that he too might think her jealous, forbade. Nothing so incensed her even in her angriest moments as the feeling that she did really care for him a little, and the fear that this might influence her conduct was the primary resolve that she would do nothing to prevent the marriage. The sense that she was making a personal sacrifice of the lurking tenderness for the reckless man comforted her a little. It seemed as if she were doing something to requite John King's tender care. "All I can do," she thought, "is to keep Madge from making an immediate fool of herself. If she will only wait a year it won't be so noticeable, but her infatuation—with Stephen Tully as her intimate tempter—the very thought of it makes me shudder."

. . . . . .

Mrs. King was unusually gay at dinner. She felt she had accomplished her purpose, for Dell had refused to see Mr. Tully and the coast would be left clear for her. Nor did she make any mistake, for when later in the evening Mr. Tully was announced Miss Browning retired from the drawing-room with a frigid "good evening" and a haughty bow. Returning, however, half an hour later to meet some one in the reception-room, she was forced to overhear some scraps of conversation from across the hall. Mrs. King was standing on his downcast looks and his answer startled her.

"Yes, I am down-hearted, I have every reason to be? To-night, for the first time in my life, I wished I were dead. I am shaken and rattled till I don't know what to do."

Softly whispered words followed, Mrs. King was trying to comfort him and while Dell was talking to the poor woman who had sought help from her she could hear Mrs. King telling the maid to bring up a bottle of wine and some biscuit.

Back in her room again, Dell wondered what folly might be expected next. The clink of the glasses in the dining room frightened her; she knew Madge was not discreet, that Tully was reckless! Was she doing her duty in thus abandoning her task? Trembling with nervousness she walked up and down her room viewing the situation from every conceivable standpoint. She could not appeal to Tully; he would suspect her of jealousy or meet her with scoffing and scorn. She had lost her hold on him and Madge at the same time. How could she regain it in either case? With Mrs. King she knew she could do nothing except by encouraging her fancy and endeavoring to keep the scandal from assuming too rapid and public proportions. With Tully what could she do? As she walked up and down her face flushed! Yes, it might be possible by appearing sorry for him and willing to encourage his advances, to regain her influence over him! But at what cost? Madge would hate her and at last she must refuse him and then the trouble would begin again! Perhaps, thought she, it would be possible to so separate them that no reconciliation would be possible. At any rate it would be better than this weak flight from her post.

No sooner did she decide, than after bathing her face she ran down-stairs, glanced in the parlor and then in the dining-room.

"Good evening, Mr. Tully. I failed to find you in the drawing-room, so I came here. I hope I am not intruding?" she inquired, with a surprised look at the champagne bottle and the glasses.

"Not at all; delighted to see you," stammered Tully, starting from his chair with unprecedented awkwardness.

"Of course, Dell, you are not intruding," added Mrs. King with her most finished smile. "I wondered what took you away in such unceremonious haste!"

"I wanted to ask your opinion, Mr. Tully; a poor women was just in to see me; her husband was killed on the railway, and she is left in want with a large family depending on her for support. She has been told that the railway company can be made to pay large damages, but she has no means to undertake a law suit. Will you undertake it for her if there is any chance, and I will pay the expenses?"

The chance to go into professional particulars relieved Tully of his embarrassment, and soon he was chatting gaily with Dell, and she was joking and laughing as she did in the old days before John King died. What had wrought the change? With man's presumption he felt inclined to believe her jealous of Madge, and inwardly decided not to be too easily won back by the capricious beauty, yet he was too much in love not to make evident his willingness to capitulate.

"I will send Mrs. Berdan to your office tomorrow, and after hearing what she has to say you can come up and let me know the result," said Dell with an astonishing display of confidence in her voice. "Even if her case isn't very good, perhaps by using your influence you might get a reasonable settlement for her—poor woman she needs it."

"You may be sure I'll do my best," answered Tully impressively, as he rose to go, "and if you will be at home I'll let you know what I think of the case to-morrow night."

"Oh, yes, I'll be home and Bee McKinley will be here. Good night."

Mrs. King tried to get an opportunity for a whisper, or some tender passage, but Mr. Tully carefully avoided it, and Dell did not try to make it any easier.

"You seem to have changed your mind, Dell," snapped the widow, when Tully had gone. "I thought you weren't going to speak to him!"

"You need not complain of the opportunities of pressing *your* suit, and"—answered Dell, glancing significantly at the table—"you did not neglect any of them."

"Dell!" cried Madge, her tone changing to one of passionate entreaty, "Don't interfere with me. If I am married to Steve, I will be happy and safe; if you prevent it I can't tell what may happen! Leave him to me, Dell. You don't want him, and can get anyone; I love him, I love him; leave him to me."

Dell could hardly tell whether Madge's tears and entreaties were more disgusting than her confident coquetries, but rejecting the proffered embrace she bade her good night and fled to her room, ashamed of both Mrs. King and herself.

(To be Continued.)

Taffy.

Mr. J. Clyde J. Skribble—Oh, my dear Miss Gushington, I want to tell you how very, very much I enjoyed your very, very charming little poem in the *Transcript*. It really—

Miss Vera M. Violet Gushington—Oh, Mr. Skribble, you are too kind; the—

"Oh, I do assure you, Miss Gushington, that I——"

"But do let me tell you how delighted I was with your perfectly exquisite little sonnet in the same paper: I really——"

"Dear Miss Gushington, don't; pray, don't mention——"

"Ah, but I will, Mr. Skribble, for I really——"

"How very, very kind you are to say so, Miss Gushington! If I could only feel that my poor little sonnet was in any way equal to your beautiful little poem, I——"

"Mr. Skribble! But it's like you to be always saying kind things of inferior——"

"Inferior! Ah, my dear Miss Gushington, if my own feeble efforts——"

"Feeble! Oh, Mr. Skribble, when all of your work is so finished, so very, very——"

"How kind of you to——"

"It is you who are kind."

Then they separate, naturally and cordially despising each other.

He Knew its Efficacy.

A bad man with long hair, sombrero and trousers tucked in his boots dropped into a Barbary Coast saloon yesterday and bracing up to the bar snarled for a while about the indifference of the liquor procurable in San Francisco. Finally he snapped out: "What kinder licker der yer keep here, any way?"

"Alla bean kinda lickare," responded the Italian mixologist.

"Gimme some whisky."

The order was obeyed with alacrity, and after the bad man was able to get his breath he asked: "How fur will that stuff kill, any way?"

"How fara you liva!"

"Two blocks."

"Runa quick. You falla before you geta home.'

Is That All?

It is said that the Duke of Marlborough dropped into Delmonico's one evening while a party of Yale boys were dining. He glanced over the bill, and said to the waiter:

"Is that all? Vile!"

Then, demanding a wine card, he glanced it over and said:

"Is that all? Vile!"

The students commenced to guy, whereupon his lordship arose and said: "Do you know who I am?"

The boys confessed a blissful ignorance.

"I am the Duke of Marlborough," said the nobleman. To which the boys responded:

"Is that all? Vile!"

Prepared for Business.

First tramp—Where'd yer sleep last night?

Second tramp—Had a hard night. Slept on a lot o hay.

First tramp—Well, what's the matter with hay!

Second tramp—It was baled hay. Where'd you sleep?

First tramp—I had a bad night. Slept in a bed!

Second tramp—Feather bed.

First tramp—No, asparagus bed. Say, let's go into business together.

Second tramp—What kind of business?

First tramp—Funny business.

Side and front view of young Mr. Dressley, just after he'd had those trousers pressed.—*Judge*

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Virtus Laudatur Et Alget.

The old Latin cynicism, "Virtue is praised and left to starve," like nearly every other adage, is superficial and misleading.

Another old saying, "Good people are all stupid," is as far away from the truth as the other, but has in it a hint of the reason why virtue is sometimes left out in the cold.

It is remarkable the number of good, commonplace people having no glaring vices and many passively good qualities who imagine they should be singled out from the community and given places of honor, trust and emolument. Probably it was some amiable nonentity, having, in an election for aldermen in Rome—if they had aldermen in Rome—been badly beaten at the polls by some dissolute but brilliant neighbor, who exclaimed, "*Virtus laudatur et alget.*" Nice quiet men in Toronto houses, looking over their evening paper, call the attention of the sympathetic wife to the fact that here are Smith and Jones and Baxter—no better than they ought to be—elected to the City Council, while good men are left at home, and no one even suggests the propriety of hunting out "good" candidates.

Goodness is not a sufficient equipment for either private or public life, though it is the foundation on which both should be built. A man may be good and frightfully stupid, and may be sober, honest, good-tempered, benevolent and still be the greatest bore of one's acquaintance.

Women may be virtuous, good-looking, yet linger on in unwedded misery because they rely on their negative qualities and fail to fix their hair and wear their dresses in such a manner as to suggest to the masculine mind that they have no make them-selves look pretty. Very often they don't know how to talk, they are dull, insipid, tiresome, or soft—and even soft men don't care for soft women—"for in such condition there be no pleasure in the wooing o't," yet when these spiritless women see their coquettish and perhaps over frisky sisters married off, they join in the wail that virtue is praised and left to be an old maid.

Young men in business often think because they don't steal the stove or make away with any of the stock of the store, or falsify the books of the office, that they have completed their duty as far as their employer is concerned. If they arrive at their place of business at the prescribed hour in the morning, do not overstay the limit at noon, and only have one sleeve of their coat on when the bell strikes six at night, they imagine they deserve promotion even if they have no merit, no business ability and have not taxed their minds an hour throughout the whole year studying the interest of their employer, or endeavoring to find some way of making their services of greater value to him. When these sit-arounds see the bright youth who occasionally may be late in the morning and break rules which they carefully observe, promoted over their heads, they think of the giddy way he spends his evenings, look with shocked and angry virtue at one another and remark, that it doesn't pay to behave one's self; that the fast and reckless youth outruns them in the race for promotion, and they are left as proof that virtue never gets more than ten dollars a week.

Further examples are unnecessary. No one has ever seen the man or woman in whom brains and virtue are united, left to starve. If they have enough common sense to guide them over the days when they are selecting their avocation, virtue and aggressive perseverance form a combination which never fails. There are so many qualities that, when united to virtue, make an equipment which should be possessed by those who desire to be good and yet not be ranked amongst those who are stupid, that the gentle reader can fill in the list to suit himself, remembering that virtue is only the foundation. If it be shaken, no matter how brilliant and magnificent the superstructure, ruin or at least disfigurement must be the result. What speculative builder imagines when he has laid a first-class foundation that he should at once be able to rent his building, or does he get angry when strong and handsome walls are up, but the roof is still lacking, and cry out, "Good houses are praised, but they can't be rented."

For a successful life the builder needs not only the foundation of virtue, but must have the walls of education supported by the beams of experience, beautified by culture, and the whole thing roofed in with good common sense, before he can complain of neglect and moan about his virtue being of no advantage to him.

The greatest evil that results from this half-thinking, this accepting some lame and barefooted adage, is that many thoughtless people become discouraged and begin to regard virtue as a burden rather than a benefit. The honest numbskull sees his goods lying on his shelves, while the rascally merchant next door is prospering, and he adapts the motto and is heard to cry "*Probitas laudatur et alget,*" forgetting that the successful man is not patronized because he is dishonest, but because he is smart, knows how to please people, knows how to buy so that at the purchase his goods are already half-sold.

Honest men frequently cause more trouble than are occasioned by rogues. They get credit on the basis of their honesty, fail to deserve it on account of their laziness or inaptitude for business, and there is a grand smash, which would not have taken place if the merchant had been suspected of dishonesty and properly watched.

Our teachers and preachers frequently make the error of holding up abstract virtues as the guiding star of those who come to learn. If they dwelt more on the necessity of a well-rounded life, pointed out the equipment necessary for the success of a man or woman, they would be of double benefit inasmuch as they would encourage and instruct those capable of great things as well as warn the incompetent, slothful and careless, that it is not the possession of virtue which handicaps them in life's race, but the lack of those things which make them attractive, valuable and trustworthy.

Virtue is praised but is not left to starve when it deserves anything better than starvation.

Music.

The fashion in music lately seems to have run to the extreme of having organ recitals; at all events we have had no dearth of these entertainments during the last month, two of them having taken place last week. I doubt whether any entertainments that we have had in Toronto have given us so much insight into the styles of the different composers as these recitals of Mr. Archer have done, for he certainly has not hesitated to lay all sorts and conditions of organists under contribution to make up his programmes. He has in rare cases only repeated any of his selections, preferring to draw upon his immense repertoire and give us plenty of new matter in each case. On Thursday evening of last week, he played Lemmens' splendid Sonata Pontificale, which was expressly composed for Mr. Archer, of which he gave a most scholarly rendering.

*

I was privileged to sit in the chancel, opposite the organist, and had a fine opportunity to see his wonderful pedalling, as well as to watch his readiness and fertility of resource in registration. This latter qualification stood him in specially good stead in the playing of what were originally orchestral pieces. Mr. Archer's programme on the following evening, at the College of Music, was similarly well-chosen, and was performed to the delectation of a large audience.

*

On Thursday evening there was quite a large audience at the hall in St. Michael's College, when a concert was given in aid of the Roman Catholic Orphanage at Sunnyside. Some of our most popular performers took part and elicited warm applause and many encores. Mlle. Strauss sang the O Mio Fernando from La Favorita; Good-night, Sweet Child by Taubert, and Dessauer's Bolero, and as an encore La Folletta. This latter was happy in her choice of songs, and sings good music, while at the same time her excellent style and clearness of voice at once make her a favorite with her audience. She gave a specially brilliant rendering of the Bolero, and later in a duett with Mr. Schuch gave still more striking evidence of her great attainments as a vocalist.

*

Miss Lizzie Higgins gave a most pleasing rendering of several piano solos, and showed her excellent training. Mrs. Gough evidently was a favorite, and her song, A Dream of Yore, was deservedly encored. Miss Campbell's singing was a pleasant surprise. She has a voice of extremely sweet quality, and very sympathetic and of wide range, and she sings with care and taste, though occasionally the volume and fulness of her voice, she might advantageously sing with less reserve. Her I Seek For Thee was encored, and she sang Robin Adair most feelingly. Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mr. Warde and Mr. Schuch sang a trio, and the two gentlemen sang a duett, all being well rendered. Mr. Schuch sang several songs in his usual good style and was encored. The accompaniments were most judiciously played by Mr. A. S. Vogt.

*

I was allowed to dip into a book—Parish Problems—and in it I saw a racy sensible chapter on the subject of organists and the mutual relations which should exist between organist and parson—relations that I am sure every musician in Toronto has, at one time or another in his past or present, found to be unpleasantly strained. We so often see that an organist comes to a church with a tremendous show of welcome on the part of a congregation, and soon after leaves without any apparent reason. It is frequently difficult, properly, to place the blame in such cases, even were it necessary to sit in judgment; and as the dismissed organist can only find another engagement from the place which has dismissed him, he may seek in vain, though the general world may be quite willing to see only another instance of the stupidity of a musical committee.

*

But frequently we are ourselves to blame. When a man is engaged to take charge of the music at a certain church, why in the name of common sense can we not be content to carry out the musical ideas and plans which are a part of that church's system of public worship? But no! So many of us want to reform and improve, because we know better than those who are not professional, musically! Again, the parson is told by the ladies of the congregation that he sings beautifully, and he has in his youth learnt five-finger exercises, and now he must pose as an authority on church music. (Hush! Though between ourselves, he may know nothing about it.) Heretofore he musician about in a field that is as deep and requires as much preparation almost as the clergyman's own sacred calling. Then the collision comes!

*

Now it seems to me that the way to avoid these frictions is very simple. Let every organist or choirmaster in the first place have a written statement of the limits of the musical service, and let him act within those lines. If he exceeds them he is simply dishonest, and if he is at any time charged with transgressing them, he can always produce his "sailing orders." Should these be too narrow he does not need to take the church. And he should never forget that what he does and directs is an act of worship, and not a mere advertisement of himself. On the other hand, if the church authorities have engaged a man, they do so because they have confidence in him, and they should let him alone, and above all give him time to impart his individuality to his choir, a matter not of weeks, but of months and years. I know a reverend gentleman in this city, unquestionably the best musician among the Protestant clergy, who has not "suggested" to or interfered with his choir-master during the latter's incumbency, and who prepared such a written expression of the congregation's views as I have mentioned, with the result that some of the best choral and congregational singing in the city are now to be found in his church. The subject is a large one, and some time when there are no concerts to write about I hope to return to it.

METRONOME.

There are few more charming conversationalists than the good-looking actor who occupied the stage at the Grand last week. In a chat the other day, Mr. Mantell told me he expected next year to make the Corsican Brothers the chief feature of his repertoire, and I haven't the slightest doubt but he will be even more attractive in that than in Monbars. He produced it once recently in Philadelphia—it had not been on the stage there for twenty years—and the house was so crowded that the managers who came down from New York to see the performance were unable to get seats. It is so strong a play that I wonder other stars have not made it more of a specialty. It was one of Fechter's great parts. Keene played it in London with great success in 1854, and indeed all the great actors have made a considerable feature of it.

*

It is a most absorbing drama founded on an incident of Dumas' travels in Corsica. Probably one reason for the infrequency of its production is the amount of stage furniture required for the illusion necessary to the proper presentation of the supernatural incidents. The old play-goers will remember the plot, but as the play is so long off our boards, it might be worth while to give a sketch of it. The whole strength of the plot depends on the star who assumes the dual role of Louis and Fabian de Franchi. The curtain rises on the apartment of Louis in the Latin quarter, Paris, where the student is sealing a letter of introduction which a friend is to present to his brother in Corsica. He tells the friend that when he meets his brother he will be astounded at the similarity of the two, and tells the story of two ancestors, three hundred years before, who had pledged one another that the one who died first should appear to the survivor at once and on all important occasions afterwards. The brother fell into an ambuscade and was killed, and the scene appeared to the survivor as he was sealing a letter, "just as I am now," explains Louis. After his friend leaves him Louis feels ill, and lies down on the bed to rest. At this point the stage tricks, upon which so much of the play depends, begin. The star's double—made up to look just like him—takes his place in the bed behind the closed curtains. The valet comes in, wipes some glasses on the table, glances at the bed and says: "Ah! my master sleeps. It will do him good." Then behind a cloud of gauze appears the figure of Fabian, who is shaking hands with the friend who had just left Louis and welcoming him to Corsica, while his mother stands beside him. Fabian asks if Louis was well. The friend replied that he seemed so. Fabian tells that his brother must be ill, and explains that when he and his twin brother were born they were connected by a ligament which had to be severed with a scalpel, but the mental and spiritual union had never been severed and that when one suffered any great depression or sorrow the other one always felt it. Fabian is so certain of his brother's illness that he sits down to write a letter, but when going for material, the star's double dressed to resemble Fabian the Corsican takes his place at the desk, and just as the letter is being sealed a vision appears to him. It is Louis lying upon the ground, the blood pouring from a wound in his side, and he can detect the face of his slayer, and of course the vendetta is sworn. This gives an idea of what Mr. Mantell's role will be. The opening production in New York next season will be a big event, and we can be sure that under Mr. Piton's management all the stage appurtenances will be brought to perfection, and Torontonians will be eager to welcome Mr. Mantell in the Corsican Brothers.

The programme at the Grand Opera House last Monday evening announced: "For one week, commencing Monday, January 7, matinees Wednesday and Saturday, the youngest and prettiest, the most charming and versatile of all soubrettes, Tutein, in the new musical comedy drama in three acts, by Frank Tannahill, jr., entitled, Struck Gas, under the management of Chas. A. Watkins." The attractions at the Grand this year have been so excellent that the house has been spoiled for a side show, and when the curtain rose on the rankest company of barn-stormers that has struck this district for two seasons the regular *habitues* of the house felt like rising up and meandering slowly and sadly out into the fresh air. I like a bad show for a change, but Struck Gas was too much of a change—it might be called a crisis, a blizzard, a cataclysm. One of the songs enumerated in the specialties was, Haul the Woodpile Down—this was supposed to refer to the company, for a more dozy lot of cordwood could not be imagined. Tutein may be the youngest of the soubrettes—and she isn't bad to look at—but she certainly isn't charming or versatile. She can sing a very little bit, but she can't act at all, and Mr. Steve Corey, who appeared as Billy Butters, an ex-minstrel, had all the airs of an immature Bowery tough. Mr. W. C. Robyns, as Frederick Wilding, disported himself with the easy grace and sweet-scented swagger which characterizes the bar tender of a fifth-rate concert hall on his night off. He was the villain of the play, and he was certainly as villainous as could be produced. Mr. Moynihan somewhat resembled our esteemed fellow-townsman, James French, though on closer scrutiny he might have been mistaken for Mr. James Gormley, manager of the Ontario Industrial Loan and Investment Company. Duck and Drake, the two tramps, were simply awful, and at least one of the pictures they displayed on the stage was altogether too suggestive for this town. Miss Lillian Charteris assumed the part of Grace Rollins, the young woman who had been betrayed. Her happy and self-satisfied look—she seemed the only perfectly contented person on the stage—appeared to be quite a new version of this usually dispiriting part. Among his other specialties Mr. Steve Corey sang, Gathering the Myrtle for Mary, and those who had heard Billy Scanlan sing it will never want to hear it again. After Corey got through with it all the myrtle had been gathered for Mary that she'll need till next winter.

*

In justice to her I must say that Tutein showed some signs of being an industrious and painstaking young woman. The signs I refer to were the careful darns on the knee of one of her black stockings. Amongst the novelties she presented I should mention her black underclothing, the newest style, I am told, in Paris, which became popular from ballet dancers using that color as being modest than white. It looked so pretty that the majority of Parisian ladies have adopted it. Tutein has the credit of introducing it to Toronto, as she did quite extensively. In criticising a company I always like to adopt the audience's standpoint, and if Monday evening's performance had taken place in a country school-house by a company of amateurs it would have been possible to have mentioned it as a passable performance. In the Grand Opera House, by alleged professionals, the only mention it deserves is, that it is the rankest show the enterprising O. B. Sheppard has had for years, but with such a superb bill as he has given us this season, we should not only forgive this one departure, but should rather feel glad for a background on which the stars which have shone since September can be more brightly seen, though if he could avoid it, t'would be well to keep plugs out of his place, for the man who sat next to me said he had paid a dollar for his seat and didn't know how he could get value without taking the seat out with him. The Struck Gas Company struck bed rock in Toronto, and will do well to stick to the dime-show route hereafter.

At the Toronto Opera House this week Edwin Arden has been playing in an Irish melodrama entitled Barred Out. Unlike the majority of Irish plays the hero in Barred Out has been taken from the higher classes instead of from the cabin and the turf. He belongs to the family of Beresford and while masquerading as an actor at the Theater Royal, Dublin, he succeeds in winning the affections of Vida Carylon. Of course her father objects to the marriage, and by threatening to incarcerate his daughter in a madhouse unless Eric Marmaduke—Beresford's theatrical name—consents to abandon her till she is of age, forces him to sign a paper to this effect. In the conversation which brings about this result, the father is backed up by his nephew, Derrick Wyvern, who makes himself generally obnoxious and poses as the villain of the piece.

*

While Marmaduke is considering—with his back conveniently turned—whether he will sign the paper he has just read, Wyvern substitutes another document for it. The astonished Vida reads that her lover, in consideration of a certain sum of money, has agreed to give her up. The lover loudly protests his innocence, but Vida's love is not of the kind that easteth out fear. She believes him false, and when he attempts to take a last, lingering kiss of her fair hand she coolly gives him a slap in the face and walks out on the hated Wyvern's arm. Marmaduke thereupon challenges Wyvern, but is told that on account of not being a gentleman he is barred out. This is the keynote of the play. The remaining scenes consist in a number of exciting adventures unnecessary to describe, all of which assist to complete Beresford's perfect revenge on the man who wronged and insulted him, and to unite the lives separated by that man's perfidy.

*

Although this play does not contain any portrayals of character worth mentioning, there is natural sequence enough in the events composing it to prevent it from being utterly absurb. A number of by-plots fill up the interstices nicely and enliven what would otherwise be as sombre and wearisome as Jack the Ripper. Edwin Arden is a handsome young fellow and quiet capable of portraying such a part as he undertakes with much success. Miss Agnes Arden has a very fine stage presence, but she cannot act, which is unfortunate as she is in the acting business. Much more promising is the work of Miss Jennie Christie, who as Ducie Geohagan, her maid, is the brightest, sauciest and most vigorous colleen who has visited us for many a day; together with Mr. Bart Wallace as Jerry O'Donovan and Mr. Cooke as Granny O'Donovan, she furnishes the fun of the play. It would be a kindness to Mr. McNary, who plays the part of Wyvern, if someone would given him a week's lessons in his business.

Miss Jessie Alexander has always been received favorably by Torontonians, and after her appearance in Association Hall on Thursday evening, January 3, her first before a Toronto audience exclusively her own, she is entitled to rank permanently as a favorite. On that occasion not a seat was vacant, and there was not a listener who was not charmed by her performance. Her programme showed the diversity of her elocutionary talents. While the careful training she has undergone was evinced by the fact that she attempted nothing beyond her capabilities, it may be said that Miss Alexander would not be the pleasing elocutionist that she is did she not possess in a high degree the power of mimicry and, beyond that, a thorough and intelligent appreciation of each part which she assumes. Her voice has a wonderful clearness which renders every word distinctly. Womanlike, she excels in picturing the passion of woman. This was apparent in Our First Quarrel, yet in Damon and Pythias she gave a vivid portrayal of the valorous and self-sacrificing youth struggling against great odds. Several of her humorous pieces provoked great laughter, particularly the trials of Saunders McGlashan, and she gave a beautiful picture of a mother's love in Bairnies Cuddle Doon.

*

In the ballroom. He—How is it that we see so little of you nowadays? She—My husband objects to low-necked dresses.

The Happy Hunting Grounds.

(A vision).

For Saturday Night.

Into the rose-gold Westland its yellow prairies roll,
World of the bison's freedom, home of the Indian's soul,
Roll out, O seas, in sunlight bathed
Thy plains wind-tossed and grass enswathed.

Farther than vision ranges, farther than eagles fly,
Stretches the Land of Beauty, arches the perfect sky,
Hemmed thro' the purple airs ajar
By peaks that gleam like star on star.

Fringing the prairie billows, fretting horizon's line
Darkly green are slumbering wildernesses of pine,
Sleeping until the zephyrs throng
To kiss their silence into song.

Whispers freighted with odor, swinging into the air
Russet needles, as censers swing to an altar where
The angels' songs are less divine
Than duo sung twixt breeze and pine.

Laughing into the forest ripples a mountain stream,
Pure as the air above it, soft as a summer dream,
O! Lethean spring thou're only found
Within this ideal Hunting Ground.

Surely the great Hereafter cannot be more than this;
Surely we'll see that country after Time's farewell kiss,
Who would his lovely faith condole?
Who envies not the Redskin's soul

Sailing into the cloudland, sailing into the sun,
Into the crimson portals ajar when life is done?
O! dear dead race, my spirit too
Would fain sail westward unto you.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Why Not be Brotherly, Pray?

"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

For Saturday Night.

Yes, you all go to church, but what good does it do?
And you speak in the meeting, and pray;
But you've not got religion—at least that's my view—
For there is a more excellent way.

There is poor widow Simpson, who keeps a small store
Of victorias over the way;
But it's seldom the best of you enter her door.
Why don't you be brotherly, pray?

She's your dead elder's wife, who for many a year
Did good service for very small pay.
Has his widow no claim? Should you not try to cheer
Her in many a brotherly way?

She supports your church—has a record unblamed
For integrity, honesty, thrift,
She has values as good as are elsewhere obtained,
Why don't you, then, give her a lift?

Does it matter to you that her children must live?
And she keeps them respectably, too.
A cent paper you'll buy, and your copper you give;
But that is as much as you do.

When a purse full of money you take out to spend,
It's away down town you must go;
It's bargains you're after, not how you may lend
To the Lord, half a dollar or so.

But if money is short, widow Simpson's small place
You remember is over the way;
And she's so good-natured, and serves with such grace.
Yes, you guess you will call there to-day.

She has Catholic neighbors as good as the gold,
And Infidels too, as men say,
Who, in spite of being said to be out of the fold,
Treat her in a more brotherly way.

But you dear Christian people, when all's said and done,
Deny it as much as you may,
You are selfish, uncharitable, allow number one,
In this matter, to lead you astray.

You may preach, you may pray, you may shout till you're horse;
You are all holy people, they say;
But look out for the pangs of undying remorse,
In the fast-coming reckoning day.

SEVERN BRIDGE, Jan. 7, 1887. J. SMILEY.

Qu 'Appelle.

For Saturday Night.

Long time ago the curious legend runs
A vesper song was floating through these vales,
And as he drifted on his idle way
Half sleeping o'er his task, lo! suddenly
Upon the motionless air he heard a call
As though some comrade hailed him from the rear;
His straightway turned and in his native tongue
Sent back in ringing tones the words "Qu 'Appelle,"
"Who calls," and straight from thousand wooded dells
Came back the self same words in mocking tones,
Not once nor twice, but many times renewed,
Echoing into the hazy cloud of miles
That swayed, swayed and trembled in the morning air,
Like bugle notes upon a wireless sea,
Now dim, now clear as when a passing cloud
Veils the clear trumpet cry of flying swan
Wending his way from southern nesting grounds
Far to the southern lands of rice and cane,
Until it seemed the spirits of the stream
Were mocking him in most delirious sport,
And thus it was they called the vale Qu 'Appelle.
So in the voyage o'er the stream of time
We oft in listless moments hear a voice
That startles to surprise innerward self
And wakes a thousand echoes in the soul;
We turn and seek to find what airy hand
So adroitly touch the spirits' trembling springs,
What voice from out the long forgotten past
With its faint cry startled the living hour?
We strain our ears in vain; no answer comes
To the blind cry we cast into the void.
Only illusive echoes vaguely float
Within the consciousness that holds the past:
We know not what the voice or wherefore sent,
But this we know—some spirit touched us there.

JAMES C. HODGINS.

Baby Clarence.

Agoo! little man! long ago the whole household
Has gladly acknowledged thine infantile sway,
And each flies at a nod from the youthful Bulgarian
Ever the slave of his whims, nor stops short—until to-day,
Bless his heart! there he sits with his newly-clad Rincors.
How he chuckles and crows with ineffable grace
As he coolly accepts the glad homage of vassals
Who worship the dimples that star his young face.
By-and-bye he'll was weary of fussing and nonsense,
For the drowsy god woos when the long shadows creep,
And it seems to us all, like the angels in Heaven
Is Clarence, our boy, as he smiles in his sleep.

January 8, 1889. H. K. COCKIN.

A Striking Inference.

She—I have just returned from Germany, and am full of the spirit of that wonderful land of intellectual supremacy.

He (absently)—Yes, I have understood the German beer was irresistible.

Noted People.

Sir Donald Smith of Montreal has a piano worth $27,000.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew carries a life insurance of $500,000.

Herr Hertenstein, the late president of the Swiss confederation, died from the effects of ill-treatment of a corn.

Fred Marsden says "a good fellow" is one who hesitates before some obstacle in life, helps another chap over, and gets kicked for his pains.

George William Curtis is laid up with a lameness caused by water on the knee. The trouble was brought about by over-exertion in playing tennis last summer.

Baron Albert d'Anethan, who has just been appointed Chancellor of the Belgian Legation in London, is married to a sister of Mr. Henry Rider Haggard, the novelist, and of Mr. William Haggard, secretary of the British Legation at Athens.

Toistoi, the Russian novelist, although of noble birth, affects the life of a peasant and the trade of a shoemaker. He dresses like a village artisan. His shirt is soiled with soot, his trowsers begrimed with mud, and his whole appearance is that of a workingman, a day laborer, a down-trodden Russian serf.

Swinburne, the poet, is fond of the society of men of letters, but keeps clear of the scented crush of London society. In fact, he is rather shy of women, especially of the brainless, dancing girls who fill the fashionable drawing-rooms of the metropolis.

Julian Hawthorne is one of the handsomest of American literary men. His face does not possess the grand, majestic power that distinguished his father, but it is, perhaps, a countenance that possesses greater attractions for women. Over a beautifully shaped head fall curls of dark brown hair; his eyes are very fine, and would brighten a far less handsome face; he is tall, graceful and manly in figure; an athlete in strength, he pulls the longest oar, lifts the heaviest dumb-bells, and is the best fencer at the Authors' Club.

Robert Browning is short and stout, with a ruddy face, and looks as if he enjoyed a good dinner, which he does, for he is one of the greatest diners-out in England. He is very agreeable and to sit next to him at table is a privilege eagerly sought. He is not at all self-conscious and is the least affected of men. He has none of Byron's poetical misanthropy and dandified airs. He likes Americans almost as much as he does a good dinner and says our American beauties have completely captured London, which he calls merely a suburb of America.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria has expressed his annoyance over the report which has been spread abroad to the effect that he smokes two-cent cigars. He claims that the cheapest cigar which he is in the habit of puffing costs him five cents, and that after dinner he blows himself off to an eight-center. It is pleasing to have this matter settled.

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston is not blind, as several newspapers have asserted, but she is suffering now from her merciless use of her eyes in her efforts to help Southern literature. For many years after the war she did a great part of the literary editing of several Southern quarterlies, magazines and journals, all gratis, and under the editor's name, not hers. This constant work wore out her eyesight, and for some years she has been compelled to dictate her work to a typewriter. In spite of this drawback she has brought out three books during the last year. Of all the seven or eight volumes which she has published not fifty copies were bought in her own state of Virginia, except Beechenbrook.

Mr. William D. Howells could not travel on his face as a man of genius. He is a short, thick set, round-shouldered man, having more the appearance of a Bowery boy, than a delicate and graceful humorist. His iron-gray hair falls in unkempt masses over a forehead villainously low, and his eyes have more of a savage sullenness than intellect in their expression. He dresses very badly, and, judging from his appearance, one would naturally suppose that he was not on good terms with his tailor. He writes with great rapidity, turning out ten printed pages a day on a stretch. Since the critics, big and little, have begun to speak plainly of his novels, Mr. Howells is not so sweet tempered as he was when everything he wrote was praised to the skies.

Amelie Rives, who first attracted attention by her story, "A Brother to Dragons," is a young woman of the most pronounced type, and eccentric to the last degree. She loves art and affects to despise men. Once, when a dozen or so of her admirers called upon her in the morning, she entered the parlor in a bewitching riding habit, excused herself, mounted her horse, rode an hour or two and, finding the gentlemen still at home on her return, she passed through the hall to her studio at the back of the parlor, and amused herself by drawing caricatures of her admirers, whom she represented as sitting in various attitudes of idiotic vacancy.

Rosa Bonheur is short in stature, but robustly and broadly built, and she carries her head proudly, almost defiantly. Her cheeks are still pink, and her face is full of health and vigor, though her hair is gray. She still wears it cut and parted like a man's. In the studio and at home she wears the masculine costume; but it is said "her face restores a perfect womanliness to the whole figure—small, regular features, soft hazel eyes and a dignified benignity of expression. The manner matches the face. She has a low, pleasant voice and a direct sincerity of speech most agreeably free from the artifices of compliment." When she goes to Paris she dresses in the uniform of her own sex; but she never assumes petticoats without deprecating the custom and complaining of their interfering with the freedom of the limbs, and thereby impeding the power of locomotion.

The King of Greece is said to be the Tzarina's favorite brother, but she is also very much attached to the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is as indifferent to Court etiquette as is the Empress, who, at a little Court festivity, when she was to have precedence of the Princess of Wales, said laughingly, as she invited the Princess to pass her, "Nonsense, when I am here I am only my mother's second daughter.

The Crown Princess of Denmark is, by the way, a rich heiress, and since she has inherited some large estates in Holland, her husband has become one of the wealthiest of European Princes, while his father manages to make both ends of the Royal household meet by a grant of £55,600 from the Danish civil list.

When Christine Nilsson first appeared in public twenty or more years ago, she was a bony and freckled Scandinavian lass, like scores one sees in western towns. Now she is a magnificent woman, commanding in carriage and countenance. She is a woman of noble impulse. At the house of a retired Chicago millionaire, near New York, a distinguished company had been invited to meet her at dinner. On entering the dining-room she dropped her host's arm, hurrying in amazement to the stately young butler, and seizing him warmly by the hand, engaged him in conversation, while the other guests stood waiting and her entertainer looked on in astonishment. "That man," she explained to the group, when they were seated, "is the son of a kind old nobleman on whose estate my father worked as a day laborer when we were children. Fortune has smiled on me, while it has frowned on my playmate, whom I find here under such changed circumstances."

Old-Fashioned Roses.

They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and faded,
Yit the doorway here, wittout 'em,
Would be lonesomer, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the mornin' glories makes,
And the sunshine would look radder
For the'r good old-fashion' sake.

I like 'em, 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you, when I find a
Bunch out whar the sun kin strike 'em.
It allus sets me thinkin'
Of the ones 'at used to grow
And peek in through the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know.

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em
When they wunn't any other
'Less she found 'em up above 'em.
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile, and said,
We must pick a bunch and put 'em
In her hand when she was dead.

But, as I wuz a sayin'
There ain't no style about 'em
Very gaudy or displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em,
'Cause I'm happier in these posies
And the hollyhawks and sich,
Than the hummin' bird 'at nose
In the roses of the rich.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

INGLIS—On January 4, at Toronto, Mrs. D. A. Inglis of Florida—twins, son and daughter.

McKENDRY—On January 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Chas. T. McKendry—a daughter, still-born.

WILLIAMS—On January 4, at Toronto, Mrs. T. E. Williams—a daughter.

BASTEDO—On January 5, at Toronto, Mrs. C. N. Bastedo—a daughter.

BOULTON—On January 5, Mrs. Melford Boulton—a daughter.

MITCHELL—On December 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Mitchell—a daughter.

PARK—On December 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Park—a daughter.

LANGLOIS—On January 7, at Toronto, Mrs. Herbert Langlois—a daughter.

GREEN—On January 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Adam Green—a son.

THOMSON—On December 29, at Newburgh, Mrs. C. W. Thomson—a daughter.

DALY—On December 27, at Peterboro', Mrs. W. C. Daly—a daughter.

STANSFELD—On January 1, at Ottawa, Mrs. J. Stansfeld—a daughter.

HARRISON—On December 26, at London, Mrs. Thos. Harrison—a son

SNIDER—On January 1, at Hamilton, Mrs. Charles Snider—a daughter

Marriages.

WILSON—HOWARD—On January 2, at Toronto, G. D. Wilson, B. A., of Glencoe, to Venephe Howard.

FORMAN — MACARTHUR — On January 5, at Port Perry, Thomas A. Forman of Strathroy, to Lizzie D. MacArthur.

MACOUN—MACLENNAN—On January 5, at Whitby, Ont., James Melville Macoun to Mary Maclennan.

SNELL—DOLSON—On January 2, at Alton, Ont., J. G. Snell of Edmonton, Ont., to Annie M. Dolson.

FRANCIS—LUDFORD—On January 3, at Thornhill, J. H. Francis of Lindsay, to Phoebe Ludford.

BURY—AYLEN—On December 29, at Aylmer, P. Q., George J. Bury to May Aylen.

KOKEE—WILKINSON—On January 3, David McKee of Owen Sound, to Sarah J. Wilkinson, of Guelph.

BELL—MacCARTHY—On January 2, at Ottawa, B. T. A. Bell to Sydney MacCarthy of Ottawa.

CARTWRIGHT—HARVEY—On January 2, at Boston, Mass., Conway Edward Cartwright of Kingston, Ont., to Mary Harvey.

PAISLEY—WALLACE—On January 2, at Richview, J. C. Paisley to Sarah Wallace of Bradford.

MONTGOMERY — HUTCHINSON — On December 21, Joseph W. Montgomery of Guelph, to May Hutchinson of Hamilton.

CRYDERMAN—DUNN—On January 2, at Toronto, C. W. Cryderman of Walkerton, to Sadie Dunn of Toronto.

Deaths.

AULT—On January 5, at Aultsville, Isaiah R. Ault, aged 65 years.

ANDERSON—On December 24, at Ontario, South California, William Nicol Anderson (late of Toronto), aged 29 years.

BLUE—On January 4, at Orford, county of Kent, John Blue, sr., aged 100 years and 4 months.

MUNTZ—On December 25, at Somerset house, Leamington, England, Philip Henry Muntz (late member for Birmingam), aged 77 years.

ROBINSON—On January 4, at Brighton, England, James W. Robinson of Parkdale, aged 40 years.

SABINS—On January 5, at Petertoro', Sazie Tassie Sabins.

TURNER—On January 6, at Toronto, Capt. John Turner, aged 84 years.

MELROSS—On January 7, at Toronto, John Patterson Melross, aged 34 years.

McGREGOR—On January 5, at Toronto, Ellis McGregor, aged 22 years.

ARNALL—On January 4, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary Louise Arnall, aged 45 years.

DU VERNET—On January 3, at Parrsboro', N. S., Rev. Edward Du Vernet, M. A., Honorary Canon of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal.

HOGARTH—On January 3, at Toronto, Ethel May Hogarth.

LALOR—On January 4, at Toronto, Thomas Lalor, aged 66 years.

MALLON—On January 3, at St. Joseph's Convent, Mother St. John Mallon, aged 65 years.

MONTGOMERY—On January 2, at Winnipeg, Margaret Montgomery.

STEWART—On January 4, at Port Lambton, Major Lionel Stewart, aged 70 years.

MADDEN—On January 5, at Toronto, Ellinor Charlotte Madden, aged 56 years.

McDOUGALL—On January 5, at Edgely, William McDougall, aged 76 years.

STOLLERY—On January 8, at Toronto, Agnes Stollery, aged 1 year.

SHAUGHNESSY—On January 3, at Ottawa, J. J. Shaughnessy, infant son of J. Shaughnessy of the Canada Atlantic Railway.

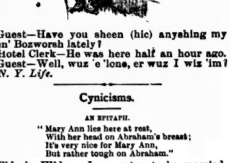
INGLIS—On January 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Mary Inglis of Florida.

Could not fool Her.

Mark Twain has a child who inherits some of her father's brightness. She kept a diary at one time in which she noted the occurrences in the family, and among other things the sayings of her parents. On one page she wrote that father sometimes used stronger words when mother wasn't by, and he thought we didn't hear. Mrs. Clemens found the diary and showed it to her husband, probably thinking the particular page worth his notice. After this Clemens did and said several things that were intended to attract the child's attention, and found them duly noted afterward. But one day the following entry occurred:—

"I don't think I'll put down anything more about father, for I think he does things to have me notice him, and I believe he reads this diary."

She was Mark's own child.



Guest—Have you sheen (hic) anyshing my fren' Bozworsh lately?

Hotel Clerk—He was here half an hour ago.

Guest—Well, wuz 'e lone, er wuz I wis 'im!—*N. Y. Life.*

Cynicisms.

AN EPITAPH.

"Mary Ann lies here at rest,
With her head on Abraham's breast;
It's very nice for Mary Ann,
But rather tough on Abraham."

Elderly Widow—I am going to be married, dear, to the handsomest man in America.

Intimate Friend—Why, Matilda, you told me that of your first husband.

E. W.—My dear, this one wasn't born then.

Tommy—What is that thing in the window, mamma?

Mamma—That is a type-writer, Tommy.

Tommy—Where does the champagne go in it?

Mamma—Why, what are you thinking of, Tommy? No one puts champagne in it.

Tommy—Oh, yes they do. Papa told Mr. Goitt last night, that it often costs him ten dollars to fill his type-writer with champagne. So now.

Mamma—I will ask your papa about that, Tommy.

Miss Sentimente—It's awful to think your husband never comes home when you expect him.

Mrs. Rapidde—But it is not as bad as to have him come home when you don't expect him.

New Year's night.

Tipple—Have a drink, old man?

Topple—No.

Tipple—Just one.

Topple—No.

Tipple—Swore off?

Topple—No.

Tipple—What's the matter then?

Topple—Fell asleep last night by the grate and my beard caught fire and burnt my tongue so badly that I can't swallow.

Esculapius began practicing medicine when an infant, which gave rise to the song—M. D. is the cradle, baby's gone.

A Michigan man who had lost his wife kept his store closed till after the funeral and then docked his clerks for lost time.

"To be engaged and never wed,
Is the hapiest life that ever was led."

Elderly and Ugly Wife (to husband)—Good gracious, you're always grumbling! What ever did you choose your profession for! if you are averse to it why can't you change it now? What would you like to be?

Young Husband (brutally)—A widower.

A western fakir is selling an adjustable engagement ring that can be made to fit any finger. This is something that young men have been waiting for a long time.

Bud No. 1—Going to wear white at your coming out, I suppose?

Bud No. 2—Not till I get to be an angel. I loathe it.

Bud No. 1—Don't worry then, dear; you'll never have to.

Proprietor (to recently engaged waiter)—You will have to go. I can't keep you.

New Waiter—What's the matter?

Proprietor—Whenever a customer asks you if the fish is fresh, you get red in the face. You'd break up the whole business in a short time.

As an instance of what absurdities exist in the English libel law, a newspaper proprietor in London is threatened with an action by a widow because his paper published an obituary notice of her husband in which it was said, among other things, that he had "now gone to a happier home."

A young man who gave up honest labor and attempted to live by his wits, exhausted his capital in twenty-four hours, and the following day landed in the work-house.

Timely Caution.—Jeweler—Yes, sir; I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without extra charge. Young man—Well, inscribe on it "From George to Alice." Jeweler—H'm! The lady is your sister maybe! Young man—The fact is, this is an engagement-ring. Jeweler—Ah, my young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement-rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply "From George"! Then it will do for anybody.

"There is one thing I like about that child of yours, Kidby," said Mr. Moberley Squeer to Mr. Kidby Nudop, after he had listened patiently to the latest anecdote of the infant phenomenon.

"What's that?" inquired the pleased parent, with a glow of happy expectation on his features; "what is it you like about him?"

"He ain't a twin!"

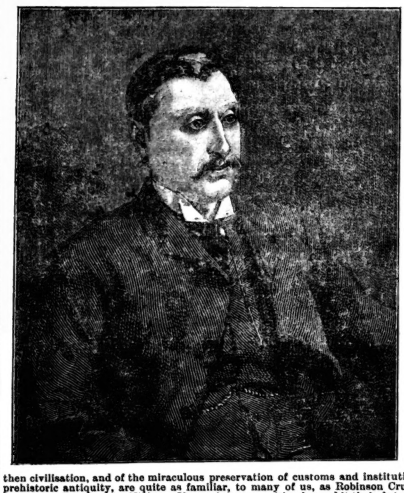
* * * *

In other years my visions day by day
Were fraught with finest fancies such as strong
The wonderous pages of immortal song;
Through primrose paths of poesy I'd stray.
The throstle's note, the robin's roundelay,
Upon the ambient air, a-ling'ring long,
Stirred in me such rapture, deep and strong,
I could but bow to their enchanting sway.
But, now, one thing alone inspires me—
Not song of birds, nor flowers of sweet scent,
Not fitful passion, nor abiding love,
The dazzling sun, or moon's refulgency,
Not even a kindly kind encouragement,
But just the symbols that you use above.

A Simple Wise Man.

When they told me that our wise old professor was fond of chocolate creams and burnt almonds, I lost my awe of him at once. Indeed, the smallest trifles amuse him. One evening we played an absurd game, which was very good fun. The company sits on the floor, a large sheet is procured, and everyone grasps the edge of the open sheet with his two hands, as though sitting around an improvised dinner table. A feather—cut from the stuffing of a cushion or pillow—is placed on the sheet, and then the excitement begins. One person is outside and walks round the circle, trying to reach over and seize the feather. The company must prevent this by blowing it from one to

Mr. H. Rider Haggard.



This clever and ingenious novelist has won such extensive celebrity that we may feel sure of the ready acceptance of his portrait by an immense multitude of readers, who are well acquainted with his stirring romances as not to require any details of his personal biography; and it may even be considered that a popular author, working in his study for the public entertainment, has no need, individually, to allow the world to comment on his unassuming private life. There are few among those who delight in the contemporary literature of fiction to whom Mr. Rider Haggard's books are unknown. King Solomon's Mines, Witch's Head, She, and Allan Quartermain, with their wondrous revelations of Central African mysteries, of wild savagery and heathen civilisation, and of the miraculous preservation of customs and institutions derived from prehistoric antiquity, are quite as familiar, to many of us, as Robinson Crusoe, or Gulliver's Travels, or The Arabian Nights. If certain grave critics deemed it their duty to object to these interesting tales on the ground of their lack of consistency with ascertained facts of geography and ethnology, or with the understood physical law of Nature, or with the conditions of human character and behavior under any conceivable social influences, it is a sufficient answer that they are not intended to satisfy scientific critics, but to amuse the fancy; and in this particular it cannot be denied, the author has been one of the most successful writers of the day. He has, we believe, sojourned a while in South Africa, and has had an opportunity of seeing what Zulus and Kaffirs are like, his descriptions of the customs and manners of those races agreeing fairly with those that are to be found in authentic books of travel. As for imaginary preternatural incidents, the subterranean and unquenchable fires, the tremendous caverns and caves, the sorcery and magic, the treasures hoarded for ages, splendid cities of sculptured marble, with golden palaces and temples, where immortal Queens of enchanting beauty and enthralling wisdom rule for thousands of years over an old warlike population—why should not these romantic stories be permitted for our diversion, as well as the perusal of Homer's Odyssey, the various marvels related by Aladdin, the fables of Indian, Persian, or Arabian invention, and the Earthly Paradise of Mr. William Morris? What may be told in verse can also be told in prose; and nineteen people out of twenty now like prose reading much better. Among the productions of Mr. Rider Haggard are to be mentioned Dawn, Jess, Mr. Meeson's Will, and Maiwa's Revenge, each of which has been received with public favor.

The Baby in Cloth of Gold Marked J.

A writer in the *Morning Post* tells a strange tale of ancient Holyrood, which he says should be at once contradicted or affirmed. Some visitors who lately went through the Queen of Scots' apartments there, were shown by the guide, who seemed to have spoken a little beyond his commission, a certain passage and a large jutting stone like a step, and the following curious statement was then let fall. A short time ago, when some repairs were being made in the Queen of Scots' room, a stone-mason struck the jutting out stone above mentioned, which rang hollow. He had the curiosity to turn it up, and discovered the remains of a baby wrapped in cloth of gold, and marked J. Now, it is well known that Mary Stuart gave birth to James I. of England, and the VI. of Scotland in the adjoining room, and that immediately after the birth the child was removed and brought up elsewhere, the Queen showing small interest in her offspring. Now, supposing the real child, the real James, is the other, but it must never be touched. The person outside makes violent grabs and plunges, and the feather is wafted hither and thither, often at a critical moment of capture. With quick players it is difficult to accomplish, and the shouts of triumph and laughter are deafening. When the feather is secured, the person nearest whose mouth it was seized becomes the marauder, and the successful seizer slips into the vacant place. It is the game for young folk. You should have seen the professor glaring through his spectacles. His bald head was quivering with excitement, and he was puffing as if his life depended on it. It was so funny we laughed till we cried.

infant wrapped in cloth of gold, lying under that stone, who was the other child who afterwards reigned as James I. of England and VI. of Scotland? Did this question ever occur to the authorities? This will be best answered by asking how they are said to have treated the discovery. They telegraphed at once to the high personage in London, whose business it is to control Holyrood Palace. What did he? He sent back word "to make no fuss about it," but to replace the baby in cloth-of-gold marked J. under the stone, and presumably there he still lies. But the questions remain to be answered. If that is Mary Stuart's baby and the rightful heir, who was that other baby? and why, when the supposed original turned up in cloth of gold, was there no fuss to be made? If this is all a mare's nest it is high time that people who go over Holyrood should know it, let alone those whom it may concern even more nearly.

The Favors He Sought.

Actor—I have called, sir, to ask you to insert a line to the effect that I have just refused an offer of forty pounds a week.

Accommodating Editor—With pleasure. Is there anything else I can do for you, sir?

"That's all, unless you have a spare half crown about you."

A New Year Blessing.

A happy New Year to you, Mr. Scissors!" said Wiggins, as he met his friend, the editor, at the office door.

"Indeed it is," replied the other. "I won't see the diabolical 'I-will-be-a-brother-to-you' joke for four years more. Leap year has gone."

Arming for the Fray.

McGrath.—Oi doan' exac'ly like th' shtyle av thot felly comin'. Here's a bit av a cudgel in case av accident!

Freight Car Staggers (the tramp).—Dey don't 'pear ter be no rest fer a gent in New York City!—*Puck.*

SECOND OF "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES

GUELDA

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CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

Guelda's heart beat fast—a mist seemed to swim before her eyes—a rush of blood throbbed in her ears. She hardly heard her own first notes; but no one else heard much of them either in the hissing babel of sound which the English language produces at a crowded party, when everyone always seems to try to talk their loudest. In a few moments Guelda, by a strong effort of pride, recovered herself control, and found that a hush had fallen upon the crowd within a radius of some yards in her vicinity. Her thrush-like notes sounded suddenly full and clear now; and the fat German gentleman whose fingers were compassionately lingering on the piano as he accompanied the novice in her debut exchanged his spectacle glance of anxious fellow-feeling for an approving smile.

At last it was over. A small crowd of Guelda's last year's admirers came up to offer warm congratulations. They did not know her late history; and many inquiries were made as to whom she was staying with this season, and if she would be at such and such a ball or party next week. Her mourning accounted to their minds for not having seen her lately; and they never noticed the extreme simplicity of her black dress. All black was a good deal alike to them as men—not so the girl's glorious figure, the milk white contour of her fate and arms, and the small red-gold head that was erect and beautiful as ever.

Guelda's reply, though given with a composed, almost regal dignity for so young a woman, seemed to startle most.

"I am living alone. No, I am not going out anywhere in society now, except when, like tonight, people are good enough to engage me to sing."

Some of the foolish ones among her little court rapidly slipped away. All the others murmured condolences first, and then eager voiced admiration of her pluck. They wished her heartily all success; and, after lingering a while, only one or two tried to outstay the others. They were the best—at least two were men, men who felt truly for the young girl thus thrown on the world. The late lingerers felt truly too—not so deeply—that was all. And, when there are so many people one must go and talk to, it would look odd to stay long beside Miss Seaton, poor girl!" they rapidly decided in their own minds, candidly adding, "at least year it was different."

Guelda sensibly knew it was different. Last year they had all flocked round the beauty—the heiress—and stayed. They would come now, because she was still as handsome and they really pitied her; but she was no longer the fashion, the idol of the hour. Thus rapidly summing up the matter, with a smile of silent humor, the singer gave her calm attention to the three men who remained. Two she liked and trusted. Both had declared their attachment to her in "the old days" some months ago; and it must have been a real feeling, since her fallen estate seemed not to alienate them more respectful now, with a pitying tone in their attentions which she was aware of. One was a rich, somewhat elderly banker, gray-whiskered, thin-lipped, pleasant enough; the other, a country gentleman, round-faced and florid of aspect, with a cherry voice.

Yes, Guelda decided, she would not be in the least surprised if either or both proposed to her again. Having discovered that she did not receive visitors, they had carefully ascertained at what parties she was next engaged to sing. A woman might live a contented life with either, thought Guelda dispassionately—that is, some other woman. But to be the much now and compare them with Ronald Airlie!

The third man was a rich French Marquis. He was a last season's admirer too, and she was unchanged in the gallantry of his compliments to the fair debutante, who had conquered the world of beauty last year, he declared, and, not satisfied with her triumphs, now wished to be the realm of art under her feet. But somehow Guelda shrank on this evening from the ardent look in his eyes, the whispered admiration in his voice. He had changed; she could not easily have described what gave her a disagreeable sensation, but she distrusted him.

When Guelda had sung again, after the more strictly professional people had performed, and when at last her three satellites had dropped away, the fat German pianist approached the girl, and said, in a kindly whisper—

"I knew you well by sight last year, Miss Zeeton. Ah, yes! Let me congratulate you on to-night's performance. Belief me, if you will only train for the stage you might do very, very well."

Then, with large-hearted warmth, he offered the young novice help in teaching, which she gratefully and thankfully accepted.

"I cannot afford to pay for my lessons at present, Herr Schultz," she had first said however with a modest blush, withdrawing a little.

"Ach, that understands itself! Never mind; we must all help each other," declared the big Teuton heartily. "You only sing now because people who know you shall like to engage you. Soon you shall sing because people who do not know you shall like to hear you."

Guelda was more glad of his words than of any others said to her that night. But yet she thought of the stage only to shrink from the idea of becoming a professional. She never could! What would Ronald say!

CHAPTER XXXII.

The next two parties at which Guelda was engaged to sing were a repetition of the first. Although she had received but little musical training, that had been of the best. Her Lord Loudon had spared no expense on his granddaughter's education, and in compass and quality her voice deserved high praise. True, as the good German said, people at present asked Guelda to give her services partly out of liking and pity, and partly because there was a romance about her past and present history which caused her to be talked about and looked at. She bade fair to become the "fashion" in this new role as in her last. But, will time and teaching, and her courage and perseverance, "She'll make her mark," decided the musical critics. "Why! she is a prize for opportunities—what with her beauty and family and her history! She ought to go on the stage. She would make her fortune in no time."

Many Belgravian dames discussed Miss Seaton's prospects with head-shakings however.

"Living alone, a girl of her good looks—for she is pretty—it sounds rather a bold and quite extraordinary step for Lord Loudon's grandaughter, does it not?"

"She is throwing away her chances, I'm afraid," put in an amiable ewe-like matron. "Surely some one might have taken her out—given her a home! She would be certain to marry well."

"She will marry better as she is, my dear," replied an acid-minded neighbor. "Depend upon it, she'll go upon the stage some day and make a hit or spoil herself—it doesn't matter which. Then she'll catch one of the great prizes—men are such fools!"

"But Sir Julian Teglie says there is positively not one living being to give her a home; and she cannot get on with this new Lord Loudon, who has been roaming the world incognito, like the people in Burke's 'Visitsitudes of Families,' urged one pitying voice.

"Oh, come—surely she could have found some one—some old governess or companion!" answered the chorus of voices. "It is rather a fast proceeding, when one comes to think of it. She could easily have found somebody, depend upon it!"

All in vain might Guelda have assured them she knew no one. The summer friends of the previous year were these very judges who now passed sentence upon her conduct. An old governess—she knew none; and how could she as yet afford to keep any one besides herself?

Sir Julian had foreseen the danger, and implored three of these same lady-patronesses, before he left, to try to settle some plan for the poor girl and her lonely life—in vain. Then his doctor hurried him away. Each of these fine ladies did her supposed duty then by kindly warning Guelda.

"You ought to keep a duenna, my dear—some one quite cheap, you know. You ought to just give her her board and lodging, and take her out when you walk."

"Indeed I would do so, only I cannot afford it," she made answer gently, with a proud calm which was sometimes mistaken for obstinacy.

Each lady shrugged her shoulders. "She seems to like being alone," they agreed, not caring to trouble their heads if it was not their duty to find stray girls a home.

The three male admirers were still as attentive as ever; but the French Marquis took the lead. He contrived to keep the other two off by his assiduities, from which Guelda recolled a little in troubled annoyance. Her Teuton friend alone seemed her preserver.

"That man—he is not very nice—eh? You do not like him. I am glad to see," whispered the fatherly pianist. "See, I tell you always: and that is not good for a young girl like you. You cannot help yourself—I understand. But I will talk to my frau; and, though our house is not very big for you, we will make the best of it, welcome from the heart if you will come to us."

The tears rose suddenly to Guelda's eyes at this unexpected kindness. She had to turn aside her head, lest her emotion should be noticed and excite wonder in the fashionable assemblage. All she could do was to slip her hand unperceived into her teacher's great loosely-gloved one and murmur:

"If I will! You don't know how gladly I would come!"

But, even while the matter was being talked over during the following week between the worthy German and his frau, Guelda felt that if all another lodger in their house should have left to give Guelda the shelter of their roof, events happened which rendered their plan futile.

Guelda was preparing to go to her fourth party, when a note arrived saying that the Honorable Miss Blank regretted she was obliged to put off Miss Seaton's engagement, but enclosed her a small check for her proposed kind services. Guelda simply supposed there would be dancing perhaps instead of music, and, thinking with a sigh of the evenings at Islay Castle when she had danced with Ronald Airlie—oh, how long ago!—went there with a calm mind on the following night to another At Home.

Alas, the poor girl came back to her solitary lodgings sick at heart. Her anticipations were a hundred times in vain what was the matter. She only knew that few or none of her former acquaintances had noticed her; many people she did not know looked at her askance, and she saw them whispering oddly. Her hostess seemed frigid and embarrassed. Neither of her two trusted friends appeared—neither the banker and country squire. Only the French Marquis came to talk to her, and that at first with a new easy air of familiarity. Then he suddenly paused in a

[illegible]

Guelda looked, there was no one.

Whether this was a vision or a trick of her senses, it had preyed on Guelda's mind for two days. She had lately opened a correspondence with old Hillis, hoping to hear news of her little brother, and only a few days back learnt that Master Bertrand was suffering from a bad cough when the last passed through the village. Hillis had heard that the boy had not been well all the winter; but Lord Loudon, his uncle, had taken him up to London, where probably Miss Seaton might contrive to see him. Guelda had hastened to Belgrave Square and waited near London House, hoping to see the little figure she longed to behold. All the blinds were down; for hours no one came out. Plucking up courage at last, Guelda resolved to ring. A slow-footed caretaker, after a long interval, answered the bell.

No one of the family was in town—not his lordship; no, nor Master Bertrand; and she did not know where Master Seaton might be, nor her ladyship. Who is her ladyship? wondered Guelda. Lord Loudon had taken a villa somewhere on the Thames, the caretaker believed, and was sometimes there, sometimes in Paris.

Nowhere could Guelda glean more news. So she went back heavily to her lodging at last, and pondered. Could she do anything to find Bertrand? She must—she must! But what!

Turning at last, she suddenly gave a violent start. For her enemy, her soul's enemy, stood behind her. For a moment Guelda almost believed that this was another hallucination. She raised her hand to her brow wonderingly.

"I hope I have not alarmed you," said the voice, the disagreeable insinuating accents of which, with their mocking tone, she so hated, suggesting to her the serpent's speech.

"What about Bino? Is he ill? How is he? Remember, he is my little brother. I am his nearest relative, and have a right to know the truth!" burst from Guelda impulsively, off her guard from the shock.

The man smiled at her, taken aback.

"I came to tell you about him. It was by mere chance I found you here."

"Then he is ill? Quick, quick—oh, if you have any pity, tell me!"

"He is very ill—perhaps dying—and is calling for you. If you want to see him alive, you must come with me at once."

"With you? Where to?"

"To my house on the river. Are you afraid?"

"No; I will go—I will go with you," answered Guelda. Seaton, as she stood gazing searchingly into the face of the man who called himself her uncle, who had played such a cruel part towards her. She tried to guess if he was speaking truth or treachery. "Of course I must go to Bino at once; but I must first go home to my lodgings and leave a note behind the place to which I am going with my friends in London."

"I thought you would wish that; and half an hour ago"—Loudon pulled out his watch—"you could have done it. Now—I only warn you—it may be too late."

"Too late!" echoed Guelda, in a low tone. "What is it?"

"Small-pox. He took it the night before last, and has been raving for you then. If we could have spotted you sooner—"

"Ah, the night before last! Then it is true! I knew he's dying! I knew he was ill before I saw you standing there. Which way are we to go? Come on—come on quickly! This gate?"

"How the deuce could you know he was ill?" muttered his lordship, confounded, as he followed the girl fast, yet not quick enough for Guelda's flying eagerness. "It is quite true—you did guess rightly; but how did you know? Tell me—did Julie write?"

"Julie! No! Oh, what does it matter! I saw him—there! Call it a dream—what you like. He came to my room and stood beside me, looking so piteously—my poor little Bertrand!—I knew he was ill and wanted me."

A strange superstitious look came over the face of the man beside her; he edged a little farther from the side of his niece, the truth of whose belief in her own words could be recognised at once by her vivid tone and expression, and muttered unintelligibly to himself:

"Well, I m dashed!"

"Here is the carriage," he said presently, as they hurried through the gloomy hall of the Buckingham Palace gate. Then, helping the girl into the coronetted landau she remembered so well—it had been chosen by her doting grandfather for her wedding—he gave the order, "To drive with him in the Park—he gave the order.

"Home—and go as hard as you can!"

But few seconds were exchanged between uncle and niece as they drove on and on, out of town by degrees and into the suburbs.

"Could we not have come quicker by train?" asked the girl anxiously.

"No; trains would not suit," was the laconic answer.

The thought flashed across his young companion's mind: Would it be less easy to trace her by means of the carriage, should he have decoyed her away under false pretences, than had they gone by the Waterloo line? In any case, it was too late to alter that now; so, with the desperate courage of despair, she turned her little brother, Guelda looked out of the window and noted mechanically the road they took—it might be useful.

Twice or twice she asked some questions of the silent brooding man at her side.

"When was Bertrand taken ill, and what were his symptoms? What did the doctors say?" Again she cried out sharply, "What! You say his lungs had been previously attacked after from the small-pox pustules and ease their intolerable itching.

"Guelda, is that you? I thought you were never coming!" were the little sufferer's first words, in accents of no surprise, but of impatient pain. "Guelda, my eyes are sore—I can't see well; and I am so thirsty—so thirsty!"

"Yes, my dear—I am very sorry I was so slow coming, but I could not help it," was the nurse's soothing answer, as she, in turning her head to hide her own tears, which would keep rising in spite of her strong will. "Now let me smooth your pillow and turn it. There—that is more comfortable—lie on it! I will go and get you something to drink directly."

"I am so thirsty—so thirsty!" again came from the boy's parched lips with difficulty.

One glance round. There was nothing placed on the sick-room table but a tumbler but a glass half full of nauseous-looking medicine.

"One minute, dear. I won't keep you waiting any longer than I can help. I am going to get you something very nice to drink."

Guelda flew down-stairs in the direction of the kitchen, and opening the right door by mistake, saw a fine-looking lady and a figure crouched by it in apparent apathy, while a sound of sobbing came from the scullery near.

"Can I get some hot water for my brother up-stairs? I am Miss Seaton. Your master brought me here. Listen to me, please—do you hear?"—and Guelda put her hand imperiously on the shoulder of the silent figure.

The woman turned and looked up, as if hardly roused from some overpowering stupor.

"Jaine, do you hear? Do you look so strange! Don't you know me? Have you no heart, that you could leave the child alone like this—perhaps for hours? He is thirsty—he may be dying—give me hot water and tea!"

"*Ou est-il?*" came in slow reply. "Where is he? Ah, it is you, mademoiselle! But I am left alone—all alone here! Poor Julie! He is gone away."

"He is not gone away—he is lying upstairs, poor Master Bertrand! What is the matter with you, Julie? Your master is afflicted."

"Bah—the boy! I want him, I tell you—my husband! I will follow him—I will never give him up! He shall be free—free! Let the small-pox too and set him free, just as he inveigled you here to nurse your little brother and die. *C'est bien!* It may be your duty—I don't say it isn't—but it is cruel! He shall not escape himself to London, and laugh to think he is living there safe and well while we are rotting away in this vile swamp. He shall give me my rights, I tell you—my rights! I have done too much for his sake already; now he must do something for me. It is time!"

(To be Continued.)

The Waste Basket.

It is said that rats immediately disappear from the house as soon as a young lady begins taking lessons on the piano.

"Hadn't I better pray for rain to-day, deacon?" "Not to-day, dominie; I think the wind isn't in the right direction."

First gossip—In marriage—Failure, do you think? Second gossip—Not in my case. My husband does pretty much as I say.

It's all well enough to make fun of the military men in Lilac Time, but he is always mighty welcome just the same.

He—Can you tie a true lovers' knot, my dear? She—No (hiding her blushes with her fan), but our new clergyman can do it very nicely.

He—I always talk to them when Miss Snyder is out. She—Perhaps you are mistaken about that. It might be she is never in when you call.

An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love who did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I did."

Boy customer—Ain't this hat a little too big for me, Mr. Isaacson? Mr. Isaacson—Not at all, my boy. Big hats is de style, alretty, since Harrison makes de cake.

Ages will come and go, but woman will not be perfectly happy until she can have eyes attached to her shoulders, so that she may look up and down at the same time.

"You dear, darling, delightful girl! how did you enjoy Europe?" "Don't ask me. I was so disappointed. The Prince of Wales didn't notice me. Wouldn't had nothing new and my trip was a failure."

"Whom do you like best in the world?" inquired a teacher of a Sunday school pupil. "Our clergyman," was the reply, adding, "because he always gives me a quarter to go and buy candies when he calls to see mamma."

The young man who sat upon a piece of iron in a blacksmith shop and ceremoniously sprang seven feet in the air, with a wild shriek of despair, now declares that he does not think much of the hot springs as a health resort.

A First Introduction to Fish Balls.

We have an authentic account of an enterprising tavern keeper who, no further off than the town of C——, in Western New York, boldly ventured on the introduction of fish balls. His cook was quite successful, and the fish balls, steaming hot and beautifully brown, appeared on the breakfast table. A couple of boarders then came in, seated themselves, spread their handkerchiefs in their laps, sugared their coffee and helped themselves to fish balls. Having taken the first mouthful, one of them passed his knife between his lips preparatory to slanting it into the butter, then took up his fish ball and gave it a modest nibble. Appearing to taste something unexpected, he looked at it, smelt of it, forbore to butter it, and finally, breaking off a piece, put it in his mouth. After chewing it for a moment with a doubtful expression on his face, he quietly took it off his tongue and laid it suspiciously beside his plate.

"Say, Tom!" said he, nudging his companion and speaking in a sort of growl, "I'm blowed if there ain't suthin' dead in that 'ere corn cake!"

shepherdesses simpered on the walls. The door led into another room where the shutters were closed, though the dim light showed a dining-table still heaped with the remains of dessert, with wine-decanters and champagne bottles, napkins and some broken glasses, the whole in strange confusion, as if some unwelcome news had suddenly startled the carousers.

Stumbling onwards, Guelda found herself in the empty hall. As she opened one door after another in tremulous haste—first a coat closet, next an empty bed-room, seemingly Loudon's own—a faint sound like a moan fell on the girl's ear. Yes—a moan, no doubt! Guided by the sound, Guelda hurrying forward towards a room apparently built out alone behind the stairs.

The sight that met her eyes as she entered was so pitiful that her heart seemed to rise up within her with horror and indignant disgust. In one brief glance Guelda seemed to take in the whole scene—a scene that was impressed on her brain while she lived—a chill small room, the damp blurred windows of which looked upon the yard that had summerged the garden outside and risen within a few yards of the house; a wretched fireplace where a fire had been unsuccessfully lighted, leaving only smoke lingering in the room; a squalid furniture of a few odd pieces, gathered apparently from the attics; and, on a small iron bedstead, a tossing little figure moaning—moaning.

"Bino—Bino, dear!" said Guelda very softly, kneeling beside him.

The boy turned, and at the white mask's head that was presented to her view Guelda had difficulty repressed a startled outcry. Then she rapidly understood—his face was covered with a layer of some thick white mixture, by the doctor's orders, to exclude the air from the small-pox pustules and ease their intolerable itching.

"Guelda, is that you? I thought you were never coming!" were the little sufferer's first words, in accents of no surprise, but of impatient pain. "Guelda, my eyes are sore—I can't see well; and I am so thirsty—so thirsty!"

"Yes, my dear—I am very sorry I was so slow coming, but I could not help it," was the nurse's soothing answer, as she, in turning her head to hide her own tears, which would keep rising in spite of her strong will. "Now let me smooth your pillow and turn it. There—that is more comfortable—lie on it! I will go and get you something to drink directly."

"I am so thirsty—so thirsty!" again came from the boy's parched lips with difficulty.

One glance round. There was nothing placed on the sick-room table but a tumbler but a glass half full of nauseous-looking medicine.

"One minute, dear. I won't keep you waiting any longer than I can help. I am going to get you something very nice to drink."

Guelda flew down-stairs in the direction of the kitchen, and opening the right door by mistake, saw a fine-looking lady and a figure crouched by it in apparent apathy, while a sound of sobbing came from the scullery near.

"Can I get some hot water for my brother up-stairs? I am Miss Seaton. Your master brought me here. Listen to me, please—do you hear?"—and Guelda put her hand imperiously on the shoulder of the silent figure.

The woman turned and looked up, as if hardly roused from some overpowering stupor.

"Jaine, do you hear? Do you look so strange! Don't you know me? Have you no heart, that you could leave the child alone like this—perhaps for hours? He is thirsty—he may be dying—give me hot water and tea!"

"*Ou est-il?*" came in slow reply. "Where is he? Ah, it is you, mademoiselle! But I am left alone—all alone here! Poor Julie! He is gone away."

"He is not gone away—he is lying upstairs, poor Master Bertrand! What is the matter with you, Julie? Your master is afflicted.

"Bah—the boy! I want him, I tell you—my husband! I will follow him—I will never give him up! He shall be free—free! Let the small-pox too and set him free, just as he inveigled you here to nurse your little brother and die. *C'est bien!* It may be your duty—I don't say it isn't—but it is cruel! He shall not escape himself to London, and laugh to think he is living there safe and well while we are rotting away in this vile swamp. He shall give me my rights, I tell you—my rights! I have done too much for his sake already; now he must do something for me. It is time!"

(To be Continued.)

The Waste Basket.

It is said that rats immediately disappear from the house as soon as a young lady begins taking lessons on the piano.

"Hadn't I better pray for rain to-day, deacon?" "Not to-day, dominie; I think the wind isn't in the right direction."

First gossip—In marriage—Failure, do you think? Second gossip—Not in my case. My husband does pretty much as I say.

It's all well enough to make fun of the military men in Lilac Time, but he is always mighty welcome just the same.

He—Can you tie a true lovers' knot, my dear? She—No (hiding her blushes with her fan), but our new clergyman can do it very nicely.

He—I always talk to them when Miss Snyder is out. She—Perhaps you are mistaken about that. It might be she is never in when you call.

An old bachelor says: "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love who did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I did."

Boy customer—Ain't this hat a little too big for me, Mr. Isaacson? Mr. Isaacson—Not at all, my boy. Big hats is de style, alretty, since Harrison makes de cake.

Ages will come and go, but woman will not be perfectly happy until she can have eyes attached to her shoulders, so that she may look up and down at the same time.

"You dear, darling, delightful girl! how did you enjoy Europe?" "Don't ask me. I was so disappointed. The Prince of Wales didn't notice me. Wouldn't had nothing new and my trip was a failure."

"Whom do you like best in the world?" inquired a teacher of a Sunday school pupil. "Our clergyman," was the reply, adding, "because he always gives me a quarter to go and buy candies when he calls to see mamma."

The young man who sat upon a piece of iron in a blacksmith shop and ceremoniously sprang seven feet in the air, with a wild shriek of despair, now declares that he does not think much of the hot springs as a health resort.

A First Introduction to Fish Balls.

We have an authentic account of an enterprising tavern keeper who, no further off than the town of C——, in Western New York, boldly ventured on the introduction of fish balls. His cook was quite successful, and the fish balls, steaming hot and beautifully brown, appeared on the breakfast table. A couple of boarders then came in, seated themselves, spread their handkerchiefs in their laps, sugared their coffee and helped themselves to fish balls. Having taken the first mouthful, one of them passed his knife between his lips preparatory to slanting it into the butter, then took up his fish ball and gave it a modest nibble. Appearing to taste something unexpected, he looked at it, smelt of it, forbore to butter it, and finally, breaking off a piece, put it in his mouth. After chewing it for a moment with a doubtful expression on his face, he quietly took it off his tongue and laid it suspiciously beside his plate.

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WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE REUNION OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

Percy bowed courteously in response to Helena's greeting, just touching the hand extended to him, and quietly replying that "Hazel was better." Then he turned to Mrs. Stewart.

"I have come to tell you how sorry I am for your loss," he said, gravely. "It seems a very mysterious one to me, and if I can aid you in any way in searching for your proper place, you need only command me. I wish, too," he added, flushing slightly, "to make further acknowledgments for my share in the foolish deception regarding my previous relations to Hazel. I was both pained and angry with her, at the time, for making such a request, even though I knew that she thought she was doing me a kindness."

"I can understand her feelings, poor child! it was very natural, under the circumstances, I am sure," graciously replied Mrs. Stewart, who was more ready to understand now that she knew that Hazel was the child of the wealthy and influential Mrs. Earlescourt.

"If I had had more time to consider the matter," Percy resumed, "I should have withdrawn my promise, even after it was given; but, before I could realize the situation, Sir Henry Harwood, supposing us to be strangers to each other, formally introduced us. After that, it seemed as if there was no other way but to let matters take their course, or force awkward explanations upon him and others."

"Well, it is all understood at last," Mrs. Stewart answered, "and there is really no harm done. I regret, however, all the pain and mortification that Miss Gay—or Miss Graham, I suppose we ought to call her now—has suffered, and I feel myself to blame for a great deal of it; I am waiting to tell her so now, and yet, but for this trial, Mrs. Earlescourt might never have found her daughter," she concluded, smiling.

"Yes, we all feel that way," Percy said, but he looked pale and troubled as he made the remark.

He was painfully oppressed by the knowledge that Hazel Graham, the daughter of a living, the occupied one of the first positions in London society, was an entirely different person from Hazel Gay, the orphan, who, hitherto, had known scarce a friend save himself.

"Can I see her?" Mrs. Stewart asked. "Will she be able to see me for a moment? I owe her a heartfelt apology and I shall not rest until I have made it."

"She will no doubt be glad to see you later," Percy replied; "but she is not well. As soon as word was brought to her that she was released from custody, her grace took her directly home, promising to send the carriage back for Mrs. Earlescourt who has but just gone to meet her daughter."

Mrs. Stewart looked disappointed, but said she would call very soon, and then turned for a few last words with the prosecuting attorney, thus leaving Helena and Percy together.

"Miss Graham's prospects and position will be very much changed by the disclosures of today," Helena remarked, sweetly.

"I—suppose they—will be," Percy replied, thoughtfully.

"The Earlescourts stand very high and occupy an enviable position in London circles—there can now be no possible objection to the match."

Helena gave him a sweeping, searching look as she said this.

"Match! What match?" questioned Percy, surprised, and a pain like the sharp thrust of a dagger residing his heart.

"Have you forgotten what I told you before you went away, Dr. Morton? and have you no eyes nor ears for yourself what must have been patent to every one to day—that Miss Graham will some day be the Duchess of Osterly?" Helena questioned, with well assumed amusement. "Her grace has set her regardless grandson's suit very favorably, it must be confessed, during the past few weeks, and of course that was not to be wondered at considering the young lady's obscure parentage and the mystery about her, but now there cannot be the slightest obstacle in the way. Her birth and position are beyond criticism, while Mrs. Earlescourt is an especial favorite with her grace."

Percy simply bowed as Miss Stewart concluded this information. He could make no reply, for a feeling of dull despair settled upon his heart as he recalled Lord Nelson's words when he bent over Hazel's unconscious form in the anteroom.

"I could not bear that anything should happen to her now," he had said, and the "now" seemed to imply some claim, some new-born hope which he could not relinquish. Could it be possible that they were already engaged? Nothing in Hazel's words or manner had led him to suspect that any formal declaration of affection had passed between herself and Lord Nelson; but how Helena's insinuation, together with what he had witnessed after leaving the court-room, aroused his worst fears, and made the future seem almost hopeless to him.

"Have you enjoyed your sojourn in Paris, Dr. Morton?" Helena asked, perfectly satisfied with the result of her thrust, but feeling the silence becoming awkward.

"In some respects it has been enjoyable—in all respects it has been helpful, which is what I needed more than enjoyment," he replied.

"I shall not be surprised if, some day, we hear of your being knighted for skill in your profession, and that you will write a prefix before your name as well as M. D. after it," said the girl, sweeping him a glance that was intended to be bewildering.

"I shall be satisfied without either prefix or suffix if I am only successful in relieving some of the ills of humanity," Percy responded, gravely.

"Still it is pleasant to have one's services appreciated, and a title is not to be despised."

"No, that is true; but, in my opinion, the gratification which comes from the faithful discharge of one's duties, and a clear conscience, are worth even more than a title."

Helena colored and shot a searching glance at him, wondering if he had any special motive in making that reply. Did he imagine that she had not a clear conscience?

"Of course," she assented, heartily; "and what is more sure to bring knighthood than the exercise of those very virtues? But come home with us to dinner, Dr. Morton, will you not?" she added, abruptly changing the subject. "Mamma and I have had a long and rather disappointing day, and we both need cheerful company to help our digestion."

Mrs. Stewart joined them just then, and heard the second her daughter's invitation, but Percy excused himself.

"I must return to London this evening," he informed them, "and I have to see Miss Graham on some business before I go."

Helena smiled maliciously.

Hitherto it had been "Hazel;" now it was the more formal "Miss Graham," and she was sure that her poisoned shaft, regarding Lord Nelson's intentions, had taken effect.

She might never win him herself, but she did not mean that the course of true love should run in oiled grooves for her hated rival if she could help it. But she assumed an air of keen disappointment, as she replied:

"Then we shall not see you again for the present. I hope, however, that we shall meet later, as we have decided to be in London during the winter. Do not forget us altogether, Dr. Morton, but come to see us occasionally."

She held out her hand again to him, and allowed it to linger in his a moment; then the two ladies bent their way toward Crescent Villa, one sorrowful and depressed over the loss of a valuable memento; the other full of anger and passionate despair at the hopelessness of her love for Percy Morton, and at the triumph of her despised rival.

The young physician, after bidding them a courteous good-morning, turned his way toward the residence of the Duchess of Jersey.

Meantime Mrs. Earlescourt, on leaving the courtroom, had been driven directly to the home of the duchess, who was waiting at the door with open arms and beaming face to receive her.

"My dear friend," she said, folding her in a warm embrace, "I believe this is the happiest day of my life, to think that it falls to me to give you back your daughter after these long years of separation!"

"I shall always love you a hundred fold after this," Mrs. Earlescourt returned, tremulously, as she kissed the kind old face looking so affectionately into hers. "Where is she—my Hazel? Why is it I never happened to hear her name before? I believe I must have recognized and owned her if I had, for she has her father's eyes, and brow, although I always called her pot."

"Is her real name Hazel?" questioned the duchess.

"No; she was named Florence Hazeltine, which was her grandmother Graham's maiden name, though no one save my mother ever called her Florence. My husband and I always gave her some pet name; his especial one was Hazel—Witch Hazel. But let me go to her," Mrs. Earlescourt pleaded, eagerly.

"You shall. She is in her own room," returned the duchess. "I persuaded her to go and lie down until you came; she is not yet fully recovered from the shock of this wonderful discovery. Come," she added, drawing her friend into a small reception-room, "remove your hat and mantle, and then I will take you to her."

"I can never be grateful enough to you for your kindness to her," Mrs. Earlescourt said, with quivering lip. "How lovely—how Christian of you to befriend the poor child in her sore need! To think," she continued, tears streaming from her eyes, "of her having to earn her own bread with those cold-hearted people, while I have had every luxury and elegance. Now I am ready," she concluded, laying her hat and mantle upon a table, and wiping the tears from her face.

The duchess drew her arm within her own, and led her up the long flight of stairs to a door in the corridor above, which she opened and held thus while she passed in; then she softly shut it leaving the long-parted mother and child together.

Hazel was lying upon a couch of blue satin near an open window, and as Emelie Earlescourt entered the pretty chamber she saw the fair, beautiful girl in spotless white—the duchess having with her own hands helped her to exchange her street dress for a dainty white wrapper, tied at the waist with long blue ribbons—her golden hair unbound and floating like a shining mist about her eager face, her lovely eyes lighted with the pent-up love of long years as she met her mother's fond gaze.

She glided with a swift but quiet step to the low couch, and knelt upon the floor beside her.

"Oh, my mother!" Hazel breathed, as she raised herself to greet her.

"My own darling!" was all that the longbereft mother could say, as she gathered that slight form to her breast, and rained tears and kisses upon the beautiful upturned face.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HAZEL'S INTERVIEW WITH HER MOTHER.

"My precious child! can it be possible that God has given you back to me?" Mrs. Earlescourt said, when she could master her emotion sufficiently to speak. "I have had your grandson's suit very favorably, it must be confessed, during the past few weeks, and of course that was not to be wondered at considering the young lady's obscure parentage and the mystery about her, but now there cannot be the slightest obstacle in the way. Her birth and position are beyond criticism, while Mrs. Earlescourt is an especial favorite with her grace."

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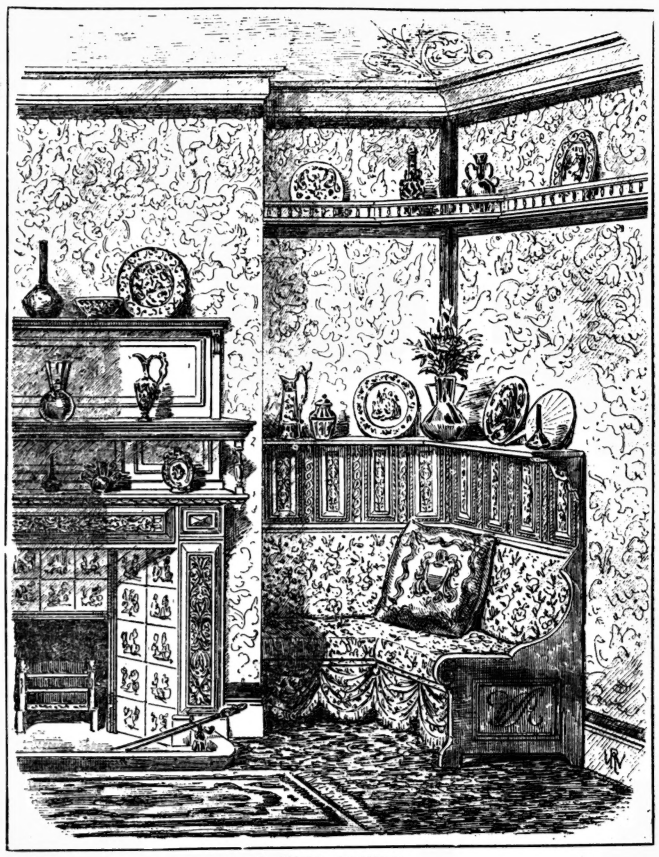

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Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson left for Europe in May and have spent the last three months in Germany. They were brought to New York by the Cunarder Umbria.

At the beginning of the week Miss Campbell's condition caused great anxiety, but she has since recovered the ground she then lost, and the latest reports up to the time of writing are most favorable.

On Thursday evening almost *en masse* society was at Mr. Justice Morgan and Mrs. Morgan's new house on Lowther avenue. A delightful ball in spite of some slight overcrowding. Details must wait till next week.

Miss Fordyce of New Orleans is staying with friends in town. It is seldom that Toronto society is favored with a fair visitor from so very far south.

Mr. Saunders of Devonshire, England, the manager of the two English cricket elevens who have visited America of late, passed through town this week, on his way home from a stay of some months in British Columbia.

There are to be at least two charity balls before Lent. Committees have been formed and are beginning their work. The dancing world have had so comparatively quiet a winter that these balls will be welcome events, and should prove highly successful.

The annual entertainment of the Royal Grenadiers, generally a company playing at the Grand under their auspices, this year took the form of a grand concert at the Pavilion. When I saw a plan of the hall on Wednesday, only a few hours after it was opened, it appeared such a closely written page that a full house can hardly have failed the gallant Grenadiers.

Miss Brehant of Montreal, an always constant visitor to some of her many friends during some part of the Toronto winter, is in town.

What is a great loss to Toronto will be a corresponding gain to Ottawa. No less than three notable society belles will, ere long, have begun a short campaign in the latter place.

The members of the Harmony Club seem to be a bit lukewarm. The rehearsals are not well attended and unless all this is changed the proposed performance is likely to fall through.

Mr. Frank Simpson of Boston has been seeing a little of Toronto gay life, such as it is, this week.

Mrs. T. C. Patteson of Eastwood, who has been the guest of Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, is now staying with Colonel and Mrs. Sweny.

The enthusiastic secretary of the sleighing club, I beg its pardon—the Toronto Riding and Driving Club—has been sending the usual notices to members that the club will meet at the guns in the Queen's Park this afternoon, weather permitting. An important proviso, and hitherto the weather has only laughed, or rather wept, at him.

It is but just to the artist to state that the peculiar position of the figures in the picture accompanying Mr. Bunner's beautiful poem is the result of its being inverted in photographing for engraving purposes.

Mrs. Chas. Riordan's At Home on Tuesday evening was a very successful affair, but lack of space prevents our giving a list of names.

Personal.

Mrs. and Miss Jones are contemplating a trip to Egypt.

Mr. Carson T. Adair of Winnipeg left for home Wednesday.

Mr. S. Becket of Seaton street has returned to New York to finish his studies.

The steamship Orinoco of January 10 conveys Miss Allen to Bermuda.

Mr. Dennett of Dennett & McPherson has gone to London in the Fulda.

The winter residents of Nassau, Bahamas, will be added to by Mr. C. F. Gibbs.

The Misses Alice and Gussie Dixon are spending a fortnight with friends in Guelph.

The Misses Birchall are out of town, spending a short time in New York.

Mr. John Morrow has gone to New York for a wedding, not his own, and a week's stay.

Mrs. A. A. Campbell of Belleville is at present visiting Miss Mary Campbell, 91 Breadalbane street.

Miss Langmuir, who has been staying at Buffalo and New York for some time past, has returned to town.

Mr. Fred Teviotdale is in town after a sojourn of two months at Rose Cottage, his mother's residence, Bracebridge.

Major and Mrs. Foster of Erlscourt have left for their usual winter visit to England, having sailed in the North German Lloyd SS. Trave.

Capt. and Mrs. Milloy of Niagara-on-the-Lake leave for home to-day, after spending New Year's with Capt. J. T. Douglas of Gerrard street east.

Mr. J. B. Trew of Tonawanda, N. Y., son of the late A. T. Trew, builder of the Cantilever Bridge, Niagara Falls, has been spending a few days in Toronto.

The pretty residence lately occupied by Mr. Wm. Boultbee, St. George street, has been sold, the family having returned to their old home, St. Albans street, until their new house is built.

Hon. Simon Dawson was in town last week and was the guest of Mr. James Dick of St. George street. Mr. Dawson, who has lived for many years in the North-West, is a descendant of one of the oldest Scotch families, being the grandson of Lord Macdonald of The Isles.

A small farewell gathering was held at the residence of Capt. J. T. Douglas on Gerrard street, Wednesday evening, being the occasion of his two nephews, Mr. W. C. and J. T. Douglas of Panama and Mr. L. B. Howland of Lambton Mills, leaving for Chili. Among those present were Capt. and Mrs. Milloy of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Miss Brown, Miss Squire of Wellington, Miss C. Brown, Mr. Peterson, Mrs. Brown, Mr. K. Brown, Miss Douglas, Mr. H. Alley, Miss E. Douglas, Master A. Douglas and Mr. W. Gray of London, Eng. The young men left for New York on Thursday morning and will sail on January 20th for Colon, and will cross then Isthmus to Panama where they will spend a few days at their old home, then going to Valparaiso, where they intend to make their fortunes in railroad contracting.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

In my last letter I promised to give a description of the Bachelors' Ball, held at the Town Hall here on January 2. The hall was beautifully decorated. The large platform at the head of the room was converted into a pretty drawing-room, and two small rooms, one on each side of the hall, were appropriated as card-rooms. A prominent feature of the arrangements was the number and variety of beautiful flowers and plants distributed about the room; and also a variety of different colored flags interspersed with pictures, arranged prettily against the walls. The tinted gas-lights falling on the beautiful and variegated toilets of the ladies gave the ball-room a most brilliant appearance. Dancing began about nine o'clock and was kept up with great spirit until four o'clock a. m. The supper was excellent and reflected credit on the caterers. The lady patronesses were Lady Kortright, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Cotter, Mrs. Andros, Mrs. Dickenson, Mrs. J. C. Morgan and Mrs. Spotton. Stewards—Messrs. Esten, Baker, Gillett, McVittie, F. S. Baker, Ardagh, Kortright, Boys and McCarthy. Great praise is due to the secretary, Mr. F. H. Lauder, who was indefatigable in his endeavors to promote harmony and amuse the guests. Altogether this has been one of the most successful dances of the season. The band executed its programme of music with its usual good taste, and added much to the enjoyment of the evening. Miss Gracie Campbell and Miss Allie Dyment were considered the belles of the ball. [The names of the guests have been crowded out on account of the pressure on our columns.] VERITAS.

The Dress Sack Coat.

It is not by any means intended to take the place of a full dress coat and should never be worn where full dress is required. It is suitable only for informal occasions, where full dress would be cumbersome or inconvenient and yet where anything *negligé* would be inappropriate. The newspapers which have written this coat up as a successor to the regular full dress coat have simply made themselves ridiculous.

The breezy articles they have contained were probably written by reporters who get so much per column, and who know no more about correct dress than a parrot does about syntax. A few who respect the eternal fitness of things have raised the cry in really fashionable circles, "Down with the Dress Sack," but they are unreasonable. The dress sack is an elegant and useful garment when it is not offensively obtruded where it has no right to appear, and it fills a long-felt want. It is the connecting link between elegant *negligé* and elegant evening dress, and should be much more extensively used than it is at present. But it can be worn for full dress no more appropriately than boxing gloves can be worn at a wedding.

The Cummerbun is taking the place of the dress vest, to be worn only with the above dress sack. It is a corded silk or satin band which is wound around the waist several times and tied in a loose knot; this is the latest novelty now worn in New York city. The collar, necktie and other details are precisely the same as worn for full evening dress. The above styles can be seen at the Fashionable West End Tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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